

# LEGENDS OF THE NETHERLANDS

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME

- LEGENDS OF -  
MANHATTAN ISLAND



BY GIDEON J. TUCKER, A.M., LL.D.

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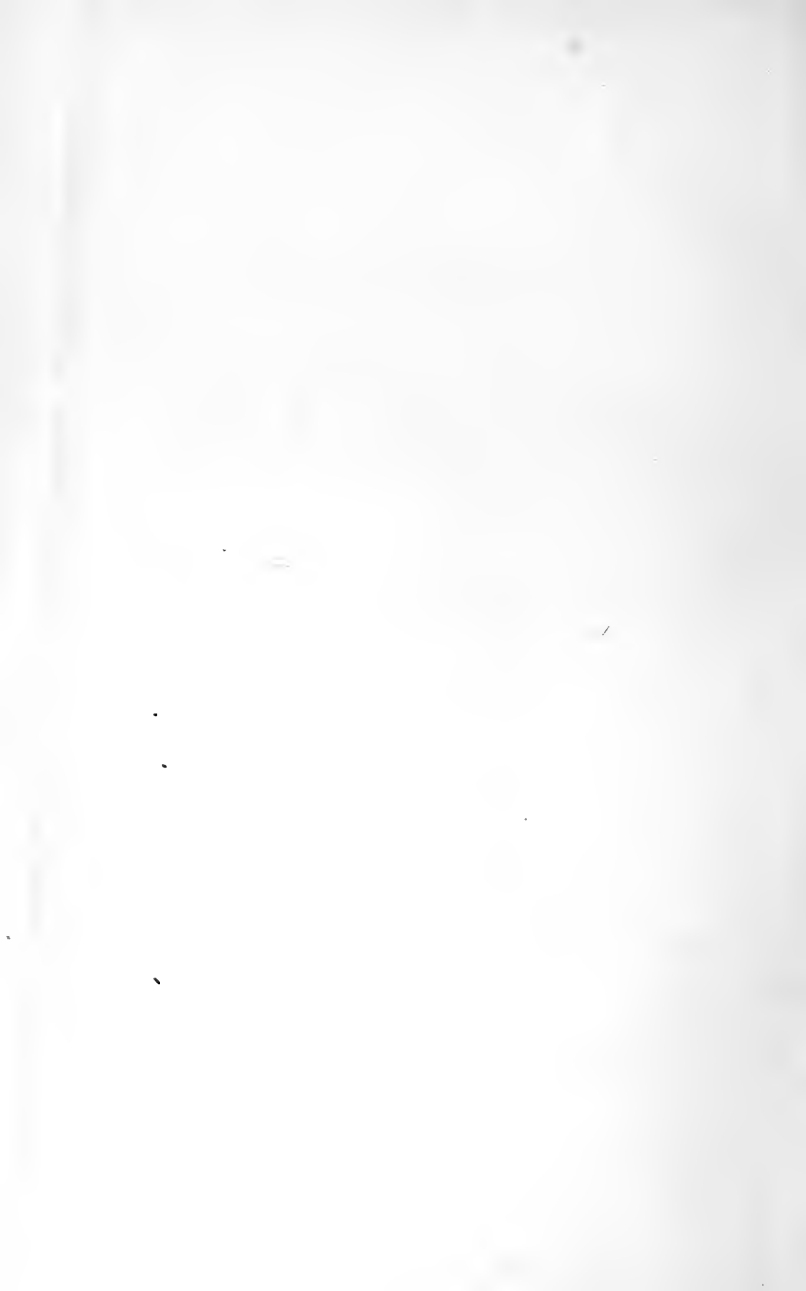
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# LEGENDS

OF THE

# NETHERLANDS

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SOME  
LEGENDS OF MANHATTAN ISLAND.

BY  
GIDEON J. TUCKER, A.M., LL.D.

*Brave old Fatherland! over the sea  
Thy distant descendants dwell proudly on thee!  
Thy homely virtues, thy love for toil  
Thy sons have transplanted to other soil,  
And they will maintain, wherever they be,  
Religion tolerant, and Government free.*

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These Volkslieds of our forefathers I dedicate to  
the millions of native born Americans who are  
descended from Holland Dutch ancestry.

GIDEON J. TUCKER.

*July, 1892.*

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## THE TECTOSAGES.

B. C. 390—280.

Who shall sing of the Tectosages,  
Sons of marshy Belgian soil,  
Foremost where the battle rages,  
Seeking conquest, loving spoil?  
Gaul has seen their roving legions,  
Of resistance making mock,  
Occupy her choicest regions,  
Settling in fair Languedoc.

Not yet are their wanderings ended,  
Down the Danube pour their hordes,  
Macedonia, undefended,  
Heeds their summons, dreads their swords.  
Swim they next the deep Bosphorus,  
Timid Asia fears the fray,  
Hears their wild, barbaric chorus,  
Yields to their imperious sway.

Famed for valorous doings, no man  
 Braves the Belgic lion's whelp,  
 Pyrrhus leads them 'gainst the Roman,  
 Carthage buys their willing help:  
 Through dark scenes of blood and pillage,  
 Conflict brave and plunder base,  
 Ruined town and smoking village,  
 Early history marks their trace.

Theirs is Toulouse, heaped with treasure,  
 Spoils of Asia and Greece,  
 Gold and silver beyond measure,  
 Prize of war and pride of peace :  
 When her foe his victim swallowed,  
 And the town betrayed and sold,  
 Fearful was the curse that followed  
 On Tolosa's stolen gold.

Sing the tale of the Tectosages,  
 Sing their fierce, heroic deeds,  
 Dimly note we, through the ages,  
 Their achievements and their greeds :

Murder—doing, plunder—hoarding,  
Long forgot their land of birth,  
All we know is their marauding,  
Carried over half the earth.

CIVILIS STANDING ON THE BROKEN  
BRIDGE.

A. D. 70.

The brave Batavians, children of the sea,  
    Long waged their fierce rebellion against  
        Rome,  
Wild as their tempests, as their waters free,  
    Though bleak and bare the dunes they  
        called their home :  
Once Rome's best soldiers ; all allegiance  
    spurned,  
Now their tried arms were 'gainst her  
    eagles turned.

Civilis, hater of the foreign yoke,  
    Led forth his countrymen on flood and  
        field,  
And oft the power of the legions broke,  
    And taught the stubborn Romans first to  
        yield ;  
And, though the ocean rose o'er Betuwe,  
The billows spared the children of the  
    sea.

His fleet the Consul Cerealis lost,  
 The Meuse the captured Roman galleys  
     bore,  
 Gay with their painted sails, and the great  
     host  
 Of armed barbarians lined the further  
     shore ;  
 To these the Consul's sacred heralds come  
 To bring Civilis overtures from Rome.

A wooden bridge a sluice's waters spanned,  
 They broke it, at the middle of the tide,  
 Civilis stood upon the hither end,  
     And Cerealis on the farther side,  
 And the debate began with earnest tongue,  
 For chains or freedom on its issue hung.

The veil, which History's uplifted hand  
     Has partly raised, that moment darkly fell.  
 How fared it with Civilis and his land?  
     No mortal tongue or pen shall ever tell!  
 Yet, through long centuries, which inter-  
     vene,  
 Civilis, standing on that bridge, is seen.

Wars, waged for conquest, dynasty or creed,  
Have cursed men since their records first  
begin;

Those only can be reckoned just indeed,  
Fought on behalf of country, home and  
kin :

Known to all peoples, languages and lands,  
Upon that broken bridge Civilis stands.

A conqueror rears a statue or a shaft,  
A tyrant revels amid venal praise,  
The selfish servitors of force and craft  
Their effigies and trophies vainly raise:  
The patriot hero lives from age to age,  
Immortal, glorious, on History's page.



## AUGUSTUS CARAUSIUS.

IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

Dedicated to his historian, Gen. J. Watts De Peyster.

Stormy and strong are the winds that howl  
through the British Channel,  
Rough and threatening the waves that roll  
in the Northern Ocean,  
There the Hollander rocks like a child in a  
cradle,  
There with the sea and the storm he wages  
eternal conflict.

Famed for his courage and skill was the  
Dutch sailor, Carausius,  
Baseborn, they said, but young, and of  
strength and beauty Godlike,  
None so skillful as he, guiding his rudder  
midst tempests,  
None so terribly fierce on the wet decks of a  
sea fight.

Reigned at Rome the Emperor, mighty Au-  
gustus Maximian,  
Lord of the Western world: thus spoke he  
to Carausius---  
“Pirates and corsairs trouble the coasts of  
Gaul and of Britain,  
Sweep them clean and quiet; I create thee  
Thalassiarach.”

Forth o'er the Northern Ocean poured the  
ships of the Dutchman,  
Swept it clean and quiet, drowned the hosts  
of sea robbers,  
Sailed through the British Seas down to the  
Bay of Biscay,  
Scourged the Danes and the Northmen,  
scourged the plundering Bretons.

High on Carausius' mast there floated the  
white-horse banner,  
Bright on his shield a ship seemed sailing  
lone on the ocean

Thus did Carausius win the sacred name of  
Augustus:  
Everywhere over the waters brooded the  
peace of Augustus.

From Rome there came the tardy praise and  
thanks of the Senate;  
The Emperor gave to the sailor the title and  
honors of sovereign;  
Still extant are the medals, bearing the proud  
inscriptions,  
Showing the lord of the seas become the  
monarch of Britain.

But the tyrants at Rome as sudden revoked  
their favor,  
Waged a war with Carausius everywhere in  
Armorica;  
Back he hasted to Holland, overthrew  
Rome's legions,  
Defeated on sea and land the Cæsar Con-  
stantius Chlorus.

Then he died at York, struck by Alectus'  
dagger,  
Then his realm fell to pieces, and the fierce  
Romans regained it;  
Pirates again on the seas,—robbery, violence,  
murder,—  
All attested the loss of the Dutch Augustus  
Carausius.

## FRIESLAND AND ZEELAND.

IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

The Counts of Holland had many a fief,  
Held of the Kaiser by feudal law,  
But Friesland knew no imperial chief,  
And free was the sceptre her ruler bore.

The Emperor gave to the roving Danes  
The land of Friesland, without a right,  
But Friesland's sons retook the domains  
And overcame the heathen in fight.

And, beside the forest of Wanda, naught  
Of the land of Zeeland the Kaiser held ;  
For faith and freedom the Zeelanders fought  
Till Danish rule was at last expelled.

And nowhere was known, since the world  
began,  
A people stronger or rulers more weak,  
For in Friesland and Zeeland every man  
Might think and reason and write and  
speak.

## HOW THE BISHOP SAVED UTRECHT.

A. D. 1137.

Utrecht's Bishop demanded Friesland  
As his own province, subject and liege,  
Count Theodore did the claim withstand,  
And shut up Utrecht with sudden siege.

Closer and closer the lines were pressed,  
Right Reverend Heribert's garrison  
    quailed,  
Not even his prayers, though he prayed at  
    his best,  
Nor fastings, processions nor relics  
    availed.

The day had come for the final assault,  
The Hollanders massed for mounting the  
    wall,  
Unless there be somewhere a falter, or fault,  
Old Utrecht is surely about to fall !

Lo, the city's portal is opening itself:  
 What is issuing forth—an armed sortie?  
 The Ritterband fighters for plunder and  
     pelf  
 Recoil astounded at what they see.

In full canonicals, mitre and gown,  
 Escorted by priest and by alcolyte,  
 With monks in black robe and friars in  
     brown,  
 And crosiers and crosses paraded in sight,

With solemn ritual and anthem loud,  
 With a bearing free from alarm or doubt,  
 With a lofty mien and attitude proud,  
 The Bishop of Utrecht passes out.

That lighted candle, full well they know,  
 An excommunication portends;  
 The soldiers away their weapons throw,  
 The Bishop advances--resistance ends.

Spiritual power the victory gains,  
Banners droop and the shoutings still,  
Psalmody stifles the warlike strains,  
And his enemies bow to the Bishop's will.

The penitent Count is humbly shriven,  
Of Utrecht and Friesland rests Heribert  
lord;  
The realm is saved that devotion had given;  
So does the crosier subdue the sword.



## COUNT WILLEM'S CRUSADE.

A. D. 1218.

Count Willem of Holland had piously vowed  
To cross his sword with the Paynim afar ;  
With stalwart yeomen and cavaliers proud,  
In twelve great ships he sailed for the  
war.

Long they tossed on the heaving sea,  
Those brave Dutch sailors who feared for  
naught,  
And a weary man was Willem, when he  
One day cast anchor in Lisbon port.

“O, tarry and help!” cried the Portuguese  
King,  
“For the cursed followers of false Ma-  
hound  
Have seized Alczar, and they force us to  
bring  
A tribute of Christian captives bound.”

Down from their vessels, with sword in hand,  
The Dutchmen leaped, and retook Alczar,  
The slaves were restored to the grateful land,  
And Willem sailed for the distant war.

Then steered he East, for the cross to fight,  
Where the swelling floods of the Nile come  
down,  
Where shone the domes and minarets bright  
O'er the walls of Damietta town.

Girt was that city with lofty towers,  
Strong and brave were the men within;  
The foul fiend summoned his utmost powers  
To baffle the Christians' attempt to win.

Demoniac faces mock from the wall,  
Sounds as from Hell break the calm of  
night,  
Fiendish enchantments the Christians ap-  
pal,  
And devils seize on the fallen in fight.

Across the channel was stretched and tied  
 To the opposite bank a great iron chain,  
 Below it the good Dutch ships could ride,  
 But the upper river they could not gain.

The chain is severed—the towers fall !  
 'Twas the Haarlem men the attack began;  
 The Dutchmen clamber the bristling wall,  
 'Twas Haarlem burghers who led the van !

The turbaned foemen sullenly yield,  
 The suppliant city is at his feet,  
 Impatient Willem lays by his shield  
 And hurries his booty aboard the fleet.

“Ho, for our homes by the Northern Sea !  
 We have fought the fight and have kept  
 our vows ;  
 We have proven our faith and our chivalry—  
 Hasten, and homeward turn our prow.”

Home they come with their marvellous tales,  
Tales which a thousand additions enhance,  
Beside Count Willem's crusade pales  
The strangest story of old romance.

And Haarlem—old Haarlem—still keeps the  
day  
Whereon that Paynim city was won,  
And honors the fallen crusaders who lay  
Where their bones were bleached by the  
torrid sun.

Then Willem, good Willem, to Middelburgh  
gave  
A charter which rendered her citizens free:  
He rests in a blessed and honored grave;—  
God send us others as worthy as he!

## THE COUNTESS JANE.

A. D. 1223.

I tell the tale of a frightful deed,  
Of a hapless sire by his daughter slain,  
Slain for a wicked woman's greed—  
The terrible crime of the Countess Jane.

Baldwin, Emperor, lord of the East,  
Escaped from the wild Bulgarian horde,  
Hoping to find a refuge at least,  
All things lost but his honor and sword,

Back to Flanders returned, to find  
His place usurped and his claims decried,  
For his daughter Jane, with words unkind,  
His very person and face denied.

"Shameless imposter, who mocks the dead,  
Hence to a prison and scaffold!" she cried,  
"For he, who was of this state the head,  
In far Bulgarian deserts died."

But Flanders spoke with a single voice,  
    “A welcome home to our feudal lord!  
We see our Count, and we all rejoice  
    To pledge to him every loyal sword!”

The wicked Countess besought the aid,  
    Of the King of France, her throne to gain,  
And Louis promptly the call obeyed,  
    And his knights brought back the haugh-  
        ty Jane.

Her husband lies in the Louvre tower,  
    Her father died by the headsman’s hand,  
The Countess sits in her lonely bower  
    And rules, with an iron rule, the land.

But long as Merit must yield to Fate,  
    And long as sin brings lasting shame,  
The bard will sing and the scribe relate  
    The terrible crime of the Countess Jane.

GUY DAMPIERRE AND HIS DAUGH-  
TER.

A. D. 1300.

When the countship of Flanders was held by  
Guy Dampierre,  
He sought to wed his daughter to the  
English monarch's heir ;  
Phillipina was a damsel quite worthy of a  
prince,  
For beauty none surpassed her then and  
none exceed her since ;  
But because the French King Philip was  
Flanders' feudal lord,  
The marriage was suspended to await his  
royal word.

“Far be it from me to insist upon my feudal  
right,  
By which I could forbid the bans, and  
work ye such despite,

But, because I am godfather to such a  
charming maid,  
I fain would see and bless her in her bridal  
robes arrayed;  
So, pay me now the visit I so many years  
have sought,  
See Paris and its splendors and the pleasures  
of my court."

They trusted the false monarch : he got them  
in his power,  
He locked them safe in dungeons in the  
famous Louvre tower,  
And vainly did Pope Benedict, with all the  
world, protest,  
Since Philip only answered all remon-  
strance with a jest ;  
So the beauteous Phillipina, of the Vlaen-  
derland the pride,  
Perhaps from long imprisonment, perhaps  
by poison, died.



## THE CIVIL WAR OF THE CODS AND THE HOOKS.

A. D. 1300—1500.

The banquet in the town hall had been set,  
Nobles and citizens together met ;  
The feast had reached the phase of drink  
and toast,  
When some vain lordling made a wanton  
boast—

“ We nobles eat you commoners as we wish.  
You are the bait, and we the swallowing  
fish ! ”

A burgher blurted forth—“ ’tis very odd,  
The baited hook so often takes the cod ! ”  
The quick retort awoke responsive sound,  
And with loud echo went the laugh around.

The names of factions rise from feud or feast,  
Some happy answer, or some sneering jest,  
And for two centuries in Holland raged  
The war this festive play of words presaged.

The commune men deliberately took  
From their response the vaunting name of  
    Hook,  
While those who would a prouder station  
    claim  
In the Cod found an emblematic name ;  
And ere the warfare ended, many a plain  
Was cursed and cumbered with red heaps of  
    slain.

## THE BATTLE OF COURTRAI.

A. D. 1302.

O fearful was the slaughter at the battle of  
Courtrai,  
When before our Flemish burghers the  
knights of France gave way,  
When was gathered in the harvest of hate  
that had been sown,  
And full revenge was taken on the tyrant  
Chatillon.

Their Queen against our people maintained  
a bitter spite,  
To her alone belongs the provocation of that  
fight;  
As if she had the purpose our manhood to  
arouse,  
She said, "Kill me these Flemish boars, and  
do not spare the sows!"

When she came to visit Flanders, the jewels,  
silks and gold,  
Worn by our dames, revealed to her a mine  
of wealth untold,  
Inflamed by ire and jealousy she sneered a  
royal sneer—  
“I thought myself the only Queen ; I see six  
hundred here !”

And Chatillon, our Governor, with our poor  
town was wroth,  
And decreed that every workman from his  
wages pay one-fourth ;  
And when Philippe commanded that certain  
goods be made,  
He punished those who made them for clam-  
oring to be paid.

Our commune he abolished, and denied our  
burgher right ;  
Then good old Pieter Koning roused our  
people to the fight—

“Awake, brave Bruges, haste and seize thy  
targe, and torch, and brand,  
For there’s a bloody rising throughout the  
Vlaenderland !”

To Courtrai the flower of French chivalry  
was sent,  
To Courtrai we burghers marched—our motto  
“Scilt en vriendt !”  
At Courtrai on that July day we slaughter-  
ed them like curs,  
And hung up, as our trophies, four thousand  
gilded spurs.

O patriot town of Bruges, which waited not  
for Ghent!  
Thine was the stern rebuke that to that  
wicked Queen was sent!  
Thy fierce revolt had wakened up but slow-  
ly through the land,  
But when it struck, the blow was dealt as  
with an iron hand!

Philippe lost all his Barons upon that fate-  
ful day,  
And the Holy Father cursed him, and the  
Bishops fell away ;  
And Courtrai taught a lesson worth the pon-  
dering of a King—  
Beware how you disturb our hives, for work-  
ing bees can sting !

THE BURNING ALIVE OF THE  
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

AT PARIS, A. D. 1314.

Through the Christian realms there went  
forth the cry,

“The accursed Paynim bear rule and sway  
In the Holy Land where our Lord did die,  
O'er the sepulchre where his body lay;—  
The Moslem are trampling our sacred things;  
Arouse, Oh nations, and arm, Oh Kings!”

From cot and castle, from bourg and court,  
Swarmed forth crusaders, pious and brave,  
By myriads they marched, and prayed and  
fought,

The Land of the Cross to redeem and save;  
And they won back by valor the sacred sod,  
Where Solomon builded the temple of God.

Where the crucified Saviour's body had lain  
The Templar Knights were guards of the  
tomb,  
Till the hosts of the Moslem prevailed again,  
And the Christian Kingdom sank to its  
doom ;  
For it seemed good in the sight of the Lord  
That the land should revert to the Infidel  
horde.

The Templar Knights, from their Palestine  
driven,  
Brought back their scanty and shattered  
bands ;  
Their prayers the poor to their aid had given,  
The rich had given them manors and lands;  
And great and wealthy their Order became  
And hate and envy attended its fame.

For Europe was suffering, and gaunt with,  
despair,  
With greed and ambition its rulers were  
drunk,



Its towns were in ruins, its acres were bare,  
And all were in want but the Jew and the  
monk ;  
So the Pope and the King, in the depth of  
their need,  
To divide the spoil of the Templars agreed.

Horrible things to their charge were brought,  
Sorcery, sodomy, heresies,  
Fiendish rites by the demons taught,  
Self-absolution, and blasphemies :  
And Clement and Philip their conscience ap-  
peased,  
By having both Templars and treasure  
seized.

Crippled and crushed, from their torture  
den,  
With broken joint and dismembered frame,  
Twisted and racked out of shape of men,  
Before the tribunal the Templars came,

Revoking what paltry and shameful lies  
 Were wrung from their lips by their agonies.

The sickening tale of their awful doom,  
     Dragged by the score to a death of fire,  
 Is told by the scribe of a rare old tome  
     Who saw the last of the Templars expire:  
 With them died Knighthood, its romance  
     and pride ;  
 With them the age of the Crusades died.

When the Grand Master the charges repelled,  
     And made to the Holy Father appeal,  
 King Philip his manly protest quelled  
     And hastened his fiery fate to seal :  
 The Parliament gardens were wide and fair,  
 And he burned the Master to ashes there.

From the seething flames came a summons  
     loud,  
 In the voice of the sufferer, Jacques  
     Molay—

“ Ho, Pontiff the mighty, ho, King the proud,  
I summon ye both, ere a year pass away,  
For avarice, cruelty, crime, to atone.  
Meet me, and answer, before God’s throne!”

Then Philip’s sister and his wicked Queen  
Both died, and their deaths were a mys-  
tery ;  
Then the awful shame of his daughters was  
seen ;  
Then, suddenly, Philip himself did die ;  
And Clement’s abandoned corpse long lay  
Unburied;—all, ere a year passed away !

THE EXILE OF PIETER DU BOIS  
FROM GHENT.

A. D. 1386.

“The Duke has pardoned our noble Ghent,  
He will not fail of his knightly word;  
Faith with the town is surely meant;  
’Tis won by treaty, and not by sword.”

To Pieter Du Bois thus Atreman spake;  
Gallantly each had fought for the town,  
Vainly, for Ghent must submission make,  
And the great city was quieted down.

“For me,” said Pieter, “I trust him not;  
Pardon is naught but a spoken word;  
The Duke our warfare has not forgot;  
Commons never can trust a lord.

“ I am a man of but lowly birth,  
    Freely for Ghent have I risked my life ;  
Dear to me is this spot of earth,  
    Dearer are freedom, and child, and wife.

“ I will go to the Council straight,  
    My frank request it will not withstand,  
I will ask for an exile's fate,  
    For leave to dwell in a foreign land.”

So Pieter sailed to a stranger shore,  
    Safely escaping with life and limb,  
His kin, his goods, his fortune he bore ;  
    But Atreman tarried—they murdered  
        him !

## THE LORDS OF MAESTRICHT.

A. D. 1400.

The Liege Bishop and the Duke of Brabant  
Together have governed our Maestricht  
town,

Both can be rulers, but one of them can't,  
They have two heads, but they wear but  
one crown.

For one lord is no lord,  
And two lords but one lord.  
Een heer—geen heer,  
Twen heeren—een heer!

When the Bishop is absent, the Duke cannot act,

When the Duke is away, the Bishop is  
naught,

If perchance the two an agreement have  
lacked,

(As is often the case), confusion is wrought.

For one lord is no lord,  
And two lords but one lord.  
Een heer—geen heer,  
Twen heeren—een heer!

## HOW ARNOLD BEILING DIED.

A. D. 1424.

Brave old Arnold Beiling!  
My very soul is stirred,  
As I read in ancient story,  
How he kept his plighted word.

The Hooks had been besieging  
The old Schoonhoven Fort,  
Defended by some nobles,  
And some of the baser sort ;

And when at last it yielded,  
Though hot from recent strife,  
The nobles spared the nobles,  
And granted grace and life.

Chief of the burgher party,  
Arnold, they would not spare ;  
The sins of his associates,  
Arnold alone must bear ;



And him alone their vengeance  
    Would of his life deprive,  
And they passed the dreadful sentence  
    To bury him alive.

Pale, but with resolution,  
    He asked for brief delay,  
To embrace his friends and kindred,  
    Until a certain day.

Such the man's faith and courage  
    That they allowed him free,  
For they knew his promise sacred,  
    Without a surety.

Upon the day appointed,  
    Before the sun was high,  
Calmly returned old Arnold,  
    And yielded him to die.

Naught but a simple burgher,  
    Without a titled name,  
Yet where is King or noble  
    But would envy him his fame?

## THE DAYS OF THE DUKES OF BUR- GUNDY.

A. D. 1419—1477.

In the days of Philip and Charles the Bold,  
Such extravagance reigned as cannot be told.  
Rich were the Netherlands, reckless were  
they,

And their flaunt of magnificence shamed the  
day:

With a profligate suite and a crowded court,  
Days given to feastings and nights to sport,  
A gorgeous display within palace walls,  
Of jewels, and costumes, and jousts and balls,  
Where a thousand fashions the sovereign  
would set,

And courtiers follow, though crippled with  
debt.

When Philip was sick, and his head must  
shave,

An order that all must be shaven, he gave,  
And five hundred noblemen, little and big,  
Employed each a barber, and bought each a  
wig.

It was boasted that no other ruler could  
wring

From his people an income befitting a King.  
Did the Duke visit Paris? all Paris, agape,  
Was crazed o'er his costumes and charmed  
with his shape :

His horses, his table, his equipage fine,  
Court ladies decided to be just divine.  
He seemed, as by the old scribe 'tis ex-  
pressed,  
Of an inexhaustible treasure possessed.

How did the realm such expenses bear?  
How did the commoner classes fare?  
The people were laboring with right good  
wills;  
The winds turned the sails of a thousand  
mills;  
Each acre, reclaimed from the Northern  
Sea,  
Was tilled with a patient industry;  
And myriads of cattle rich pastures found  
On the waving fields of the rescued ground,

The forges roared and the ship yards rang,  
 And with tireless humming the cloth looms  
      sang ;

A thousand trade ships explored every sea,  
 And the land was as busy as it could be.

Each burgher good in the Netherlands  
 Worked, honest and well, with his head and  
      hands,

And, living on Industry's well-earned wage,  
 Was a notable man in that idle Age.

The rest of Europe was suffering and sad,  
 But each Dutchman an air of jollity had,  
 The rest of Europe was wretched and poor,  
 But plenty sat at each Dutchman's door ;  
 The rest of Europe was ruled by the sword  
 Of the tyrant King, or the robber lord ;  
 And the plains of Europe scant harvests  
      could yield,

For the peasants were swept to the battle  
      field,

(Where knights, clad in armor from heel to  
      crown,

Courageously rode naked yeomen down ;)

And whatever the laboring hind might make  
The gentry, by right of their birth, might  
take :

But the Dutchman was ruled by his equals  
and mates,  
And his laws were made by his own Estates.

The rest of Europe had little of skill,  
For the commons were taught but to ravage  
and kill,  
And man upon man heaped unuttered woes,  
Who no quarrel had with his so-called foes.  
The rest of Europe knew little of art,  
Of a building plan or a mariner's chart ;  
While the Dutchman reared church and palace and hall,  
With pinnacle, tower and steeple tall,  
Whose lofty arches and porticoes wide,  
Proved the architect's skill and the citizens' pride ;  
And dykes, and bridges, and roads and canals,  
And high and defiant city walls.

With impartial palette the Dutchman could  
paint  
The revel of boor or the rapture of saint,  
And his matchless pictures will always be  
found  
Wherever the lovers of art abound.

While the rest of Europe was filled with  
alarm,  
The Dutchman remained without fear of  
harm;  
While the rest of Europe was chilled by the  
storm,  
The Dutchman's houses were dry and warm;  
While the rest of Europe in rags was clad,  
The Dutchman furs and thick woolens had;  
While the rest of Europe was scanty of food,  
The Dutchman had plenty, both cheap and  
good;  
The German feasted on hogs and dried geese,  
The Englishman fattened on tripe and cheese,  
The Spaniard swaggered on garlic and bread,  
The Italian upon macaroni was fed,

But the Dutchman, who sailed the ocean  
through,  
All manner of fish from its bosom drew,  
And on the canals one had very poor luck,  
Who could not for dinner have a roast duck.  
With rabbits his barrenest sandhills teemed,  
And clouds of wild fowl in inlets screamed ;  
Dutch beeves were famous for size and fat,  
And pigeons in clouds upon rooftrees sat :  
And every root and fruit that was known,  
Each kitchen garden could call its own.  
While the rest of Europe was empty and  
starved,  
The Dutchman his ample dinner carved,  
Nor failed to bring, from the banks of the  
Rhine,  
Or Burgundy hill sides, the choicest of wine.

True, there were outrages weighty and sad,  
Which the Dutch from the Dukes of Bur-  
gundy had.  
The money drain of those feudal chiefs,  
To their thrifty souls were perpetual griefs ;

But the obstinate burghers rarely paid  
Their taxes unless some grievance was  
    stayed ;

More independent in their walled towns,  
Than Philip or Charles, who wore ducal  
    crowns.

Did the prince want cash ? the cash he could  
    find,

The moment some charter or franchise was  
    signed,

And glad were the Dukes to barter such  
    grants,

For means to tide over their frequent wants;  
And shrewd and wise in their peaceful might  
Were the burghers, who cheaper could buy  
    than fight.

So dealt they with Philip and Charles the  
    Bold,

And won their freedom by patience and gold.



## HOW BURGUNDY GOT LUXEM- BOURG.

A. D. 1462.

Said Louis the King to the Seigneur Chinay,  
 "Your Duke of Bourgogne gives me trouble  
 each day,

In what does he differ from other lords  
 That he vexes my patience with peevish  
 words?

Is he made of other metal, that he  
 Should thus presume with impunity?"

Said the Seigneur Chinay to Louis the King,  
 "The Duke *is* a very different thing  
 From the holiday lords who in swarms re-  
 sort

To your Royal Majesty's gilded court;  
 Of another metal he surely is made,  
 For of Kings of France he was never afraid.

"There was a desperate day, long since,  
 When a French King exiled his son, a Prince,

And a certain Duke the exile received,  
His cause sustained and his state retrieved ;  
That Duke could none but my master be,  
And that exiled Prince was—Your Majesty !”

The wise King heeded the bold rebuke,  
And Luxembourg gave to his friend, the  
Duke.

## CHARLES OF GUELDERLAND.

A. D. 1500.

Old Duke Arnold of Guelderland,  
With a palsied tongue and a shaking hand,  
Sold to Burgundy's Duke his crown,—  
But the money agreed on was not paid down.  
Duke Arnold died without getting the cash,  
Which showed his bargain with Burgundy  
rash ;  
But Burgundy, doffing his gauntlets and  
helm,  
Imperial homage did for the realm.

The usurper, further pursuing his game,  
Bought the Berg and Juliers outlawed claim,  
And, with a force they could not withstand,  
Subjected the freemen of Guelderland.  
But soon he lay in a gory bed,  
And his daughter Mary reigned in his stead ;  
And Mary confirmed all the charters old,  
For love of the people, or gift of their gold,

And new ones granted to town and state,  
 That their vested rights might never abate.  
 But Mary fell from her horse and died,  
 So fell the Burgundy power and pride !  
 And Philip was Count of Holland, and he  
 Also would Duke of Guelderland be.

Old Duke Arnold a grandson had left,  
 Who of his dukedom appeared bereft,  
 But, brave as a lion and shrewd as a fox,  
 Charles Van Egmond dealt in hard knocks,  
 Or in subtle craft, as the case might demand,  
 And soon he was master of Guelderland.  
 Sad to think of the maimed and dead,  
 Of the blood so freely, so uselessly shed ;  
 Sad to picture the ruin and waste  
 The works of labor and art effaced,  
 The burning town and the murderous field,  
 The besieged, who slowly to famine yield,  
 The war on the helpless, the deeds of shame,  
 Which heroes denominate glory and fame ;  
 The eye grows dim and the heart beats with  
     pain,  
 In reviewing these horrors over again.

And all these miseries, losses and fears,  
 The land endured for full fifty years.  
 Little of mercy had Charles, be sure,  
 For starving peasant and homeless boor,  
 For power and rank in that hapless time  
 Were the prizes of cruelty, craft and crime.  
 So, with the aid of Frenchmen and Dane,  
 He reddened full many a battle plain,  
 With his people's blood, for what he could  
     call  
 His rights—though *they* had no rights at  
     all.

At Amsterdam's gates his banners flew  
 And seas and rivers his cruisers knew,  
 On ocean and land he made equal war,  
 'Gainst the Spanish king and the emperor,  
 (For Philip the Count, in his turn, was dead,  
 And Carlos reigned in his father's stead:)  
 Friesland he took with his own good sword,  
 And Groeningen acknowledged him lord,  
 And Friedrich, Bishop of Utrecht, his friend,  
 Both carnal and spiritual aid could lend.

Next, being by popular feeling so backed,  
 The Hague he captured and terribly sacked,  
 And Charles Van Egmond of Guelderland  
 Was the popular idol throughout the land.  
 But Holland aroused when the Hague was  
     burned,

And swiftly and sternly the tide had turned,  
 And Charles was so soon of his spoils bereft,  
 That he had nothing but Guelderland left ;  
 Yet half a century wasted in war  
 Had given him never a hurt nor a scar !

His people, praying that war would cease,  
 Denied his demands and insisted on peace,  
 And Guelderland was not slow to refuse  
 As a ruler the King of France to choose.  
 Lost were his conquests and fallen his pride,  
 And with broken heart the veteran died.  
 Long has his name, or alive or dead,  
 Been dreaded because of the blood he shed,  
 Yet Charles, on behalf of Guelderland, broke  
 The detested weight of a foreign yoke :  
 And many a monarch with lesser claims  
 The pen of History a hero names.

## CHARLES QUINT IN HIS CRADLE.

A. D. 1500.

Watching a baby's cradle,  
Soft as the summer wind blows  
Imperial Margot of Flanders  
Sings, as she watches, and sews.  
Who is the infant that slumbers?  
Son of Philip the Fair,  
Son of Juana the Foolish,  
'Tis he who lies sleeping there.

Womanlike wonders the watcher  
What his fortunes shall be,  
Heir to mighty dominions,  
Continents, isles of the sea ;  
Grandson of Burgundy's Mary,  
Of Isabella of Spain,  
Who shall measure his empire,  
Who can limit his reign?

Soft and blithe is her singing,  
For how can she read his fate?  
Know the curse of his power,  
Grieve that it is so great?  
Foresee the time when his reason  
Under the load shall have sunk,  
Till he flee from human contact,  
To die the death of a monk?

Not in the thoughts of the watcher  
Such dark fancies abide,  
But her woman-love for an infant,  
And her Austrian princess' pride :  
And in the summer breezes  
Sews she, and sings with glee,  
Proud that the boy in the cradle,  
Master of millions must be.



## THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY DELUGE.

A. D. 1524.

In the days that we now call the Middle  
Ages

There were no philosophers, very few sages,  
But plenty of clericals, soldiers and lords,  
Plenty astrologers—all of them frauds.

There were horoscopes cast, and really be-  
lieved in,

Prophecies uttered—to be deceived in;  
People then credited all they were told,  
Needless to say that they often got sold;  
And the strangest deception the histories  
own

As the Sixteenth Century Deluge is known.

A much learned Dutchman, Steffler by name,  
Should be handed down to immortal fame.

By investigation this man had found  
That the human race would again be drowned,

In the year, as revealed by his magic lore,  
 Of fifteen hundred and twenty-four.  
 That the world its peril might understand  
 The announcement was made known to every  
     land,  
 And all were advised to be wise and wary  
 For the flood would be due in February.  
 Nor did he fail of a calculation  
 To account for the frightful precipitation ;  
 A conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn and Mars  
 Would be the caper cut out by the stars,  
 In the sign of the Fishes—the very quarter  
 To which you would look for plenty of water.

Throughout the Low Countries spread great  
     alarm :

What should men do to be saved from harm?  
 Many proposed bad acquaintance to drop  
 And betake themselves to some steeple top,  
 Others began long-deferred repenting,  
 While others gave themselves to lamenting.  
 Husbands rejoiced that their wives could not  
     swim,  
 And wives said, “drowning is too good for  
     him !”

And the very few who expressed a doubt  
By sneers and reproaches were put to rout.

Yet some there were, unlike the rest,  
Who, having some cash they wished to invest,  
And in the delusion taking no stock,  
Set coolly to work to shear the whole flock.  
For the mass were ready and eager to sell,  
And sellers came seeking the buyers, pell-mell,  
Till the whole population, with terror mad,  
Sold out at dead loss almost all they had.

Up went the cost of tarpaulin clothes,  
And the price of salted provisions rose ;  
Boat builders came into great demand,  
And were eagerly sought for on every hand ;  
And every craft that could sail or swim  
Was engaged for passengers up to the brim.  
Even a savage with a rude canoe  
Would have been welcomed with much ado.

A revival of knowledge the epoch marks,  
For men rediscovered how to build arks.

One, who'd determined he would not drown,  
Was a wealthy burgher of Amsterdam town,  
One Vandervoort, whose yacht was so great  
That he was considered proof against fate;  
So filled with comforts and luxuries rare  
That Noah's ark could in nothing compare.

January slowly glided along,  
One could purchase a village for a mere song;  
And careful observers, watching the sky,  
Remarked that it was unusually dry.  
The deluge would come, people said, that  
    was plain,  
For the clerk of the weather was storing up  
    rain.

February arrived ; still the sun shone bright,  
But the popular agony rose to its height;  
The churches were crowded; all hastened to  
    pray,  
Except the boat builders, who worked night  
    and day.

It was hard to decide which engrossed the  
most cares,  
The building of boats or the saying of  
prayers ;  
Yet, day by day, as the month hurried by,  
Perpetual sunshine poured from the sky.

That year was a leap year, the calendar  
says,  
And the second month had twenty-nine  
days ;  
Yet, while all Holland with panic was  
cowed,  
Not one of the twenty-nine brought forth a  
cloud !  
Not a drop of rain nor a flake of snow  
Fell from the skies to the earth below,  
Although the conjunction duly took place,  
And clouds of dismay were on Steffler's  
face.

'Twas a blow to the whole soothsayer race,  
Who since have been held in deserved dis-  
grace.

But the loss, by the deluge which did not  
come,

Was great to many and total to some ;  
For, having invested in boats and arks,  
They had nothing now but these useless  
barks,

And multitudes were so wholly bereft  
That nothing at all but their lives was left ;  
But, having escaped from a watery fate,  
Like Noah, the Dutchmen could celebrate !

## COMMISSIONER SMYTER AT HOORN.

A. D. 1550.

Complaint was made by Father Dirck,  
That heresy did foully lurk  
Within the town of Hoorn, and so  
The Council sought the facts to know,  
And sent Commissioner Smyter.

The burgomaster of the town,  
Fearing the mighty Council's frown,  
Conceived a most consummate plan  
To pacify this dangerous man,  
This same Commissioner Smyter.

The town authorities went out,  
Accompanied by the burghers stout,  
Encountered him upon his road,  
And most respectful courtesy showed,  
Which pleased Commissioner Smyter.

Escorted into Hoorn, they fain  
Their worthy guest would entertain,  
And long and loud the revel roared,  
That night, around the generous board  
Where supped Commissioner Smyter.

At last, when broke the rosy morn,  
And the sun's beams the town adorn,  
Commissioner Smyter was—well, drunk!  
And so was carried to his bunk,  
A tired Commissioner Smyter.

That day came many a sniffing saint  
'Gainst other men to make complaint,  
But the Commissioner was deep  
In the embrace of a sound sleep,  
So slept Commissioner Smyter.

No sooner did they Smyter rouse  
Than there began a fresh carouse,  
And the Commissioner, full and fed,  
Went from his table to his bed,  
So went Commissioner Smyter.



Then each great burgher took his turn,  
And gave their guest a chance to learn  
Hoorn's hospitality, and he  
Passed every night in revelry—

So did Commissioner Smyter.

And so, for seven mortal days,  
Secluded from the common gaze,  
He was to all petitions blind,  
Nor could the sour complainants find  
The lost Commissioner Smyter.

The day arrived when he must leave,  
Whereat the town professed to grieve,  
And one more rousing feast was made.  
To throw all others in the shade,  
And throw Commissioner Smyter.

When Smyter mounted on his horse,  
And tore himself away by force,  
They really had to stay him up  
To take his parting stirrup-cup,  
So reeled Commissioner Smyter.

Back to the Council Smyter went  
Claiming that Hoorn did well repent ;  
Such men on pious duties set,  
Such godly men, he ne'er had met,  
Said good Commissioner Smyter.

He flat denied to Dirck's own face  
That a heretic was in the place;  
And as his story well appeared  
Old Hoorn was from the charges cleared,  
Thanks to Commissioner Smyter.

CHARLES V. AND THE SIEGE OF  
METZ.

A. D. 1552.

The Kaiser Karl is mighty and proud,  
The sun on his empire never sets,  
And his wrath was high and his vow was  
vowed  
To retake the valiant city of Metz.

Master of Mexico and of Peru,  
Of mountains of treasure beyond the sea,  
Yet with empty coffers, he humbly drew  
A loan from Cosmo de Medici.

Splendid and strong, his warlike array  
Had marched, at the Emperor's word, to  
seize  
The town which snug by its towers lay,  
Where flew the flag of the Duke of Guise.

And now at the end of seventy days,  
With nearly half of his army slain,  
The Kaiser resolves the siege to raise,  
And Metz breathes freely and safe again.

And he defeated ! of millions the lord,  
Of slaves and subjects of every hue,  
With broken army and broken sword,  
Brave Metz has broken his spirit too.

They say his words are sullen and few,  
That his glance is vague and his brain forgets,  
That his family madness came to view  
At his luckless siege of the city of Metz.

They say he intends a last retreat  
From a world whose greatness is dross  
and dust,  
That he may his daily prayers repeat  
And sing his anthems at lone St. Just.

## VIVENT LES GUEUX !

(Hurrah for the Beggars !)

A. D. 1566.

In Kuitemberg palace the revel was high,  
The Lord Bredenrode gave banquet that  
night,  
And what rank could furnish, or treasure  
could buy  
Shone brilliant and proud beneath flood-  
ings of light.

And crowds of the reckless young nobles  
were there,  
Who squandered their rentals on tables  
of chance,  
And graybeards, who lived an old age of  
despair,  
Since fortune on graybeards looks ever  
askance.

And some were insolvent, and all were in  
debt,

Some hated the Regent, some hated the  
law,

And some upon change and disturbance  
were set,

And all were discordant, impatient and  
sore.

Their "Noble's Petition" to Margaret had  
prayed

That worship be free from the axe, stake  
and cord ;

But Margaret the Regent her answer delayed,

And while she debated, they revelled and  
roared.

Then up rose a spokesman; "O, have ye not  
learned

What words to the Regent Count Barlai-  
mont said,

When she our petition half welcomed, half  
spurned,

And at its bold language blushed sudden-  
ly red,

“Then trembled, and stammered, in anger  
and fear,

And the woman revealed in the puppet of  
state?

Then Barlaimont whispered soft words in  
her ear—

‘These are but as beggars who swarm at  
your gate!’”

Broke forth a loud jeer from the throat of  
each guest;

“Long life to the Beggars!” was shouted  
and said,

And Brussels at midnight was startled from  
rest,

And turned every slumbering burgher in  
bed.

“The Beggars!” by that modest name are  
they known,

With it they will live, and for it they will  
die.

Long life to the Beggars! The King on his  
throne,

Shall tremble and shrink at that ominous  
cry!

## THE THREE ORANGES.

A. D. 1568—1647.

William the Silent was hero and sage,  
The hope of his people, the stay of the  
State,  
And, far in advance of his bigoted age,  
His tolerance stamped him deservedly  
great;  
The fame of story, the praises of song,  
To the martyr prince as of right belong.

Maurice of Orange was selfish and fierce,  
In youth over gay, but in age severe,  
No plea for pity his bosom could pierce  
He knew no mercy, and felt no fear :  
His vices he veiled 'neath Religion's hood,  
And he stained his name with Barneveldt's  
blood.



Frederick Henry, the third of the race,  
The second of William's sons who ruled,  
Had ne'er a thought but for power and place,  
And his people alternately bullied and  
fooled.  
Thus the great hero shall live in his fame,  
With his sons' ill deeds remembered with  
shame.

## THE RESCUE OF LEYDEN.

A. D. 1574.

Five months the cruel Spaniards lay  
    Beleaguering Leyden's wall,  
Within, grim famine held its sway,  
    Portending Leyden's fall.  
Long since, upon our first alarm,  
    We swore to never yield,  
While a single famine-wasted arm  
    Could any weapon wield.

Starvation was our direst foe—  
    No flesh, no fish, no corn—  
And weakness checked each earnest blow,  
    And made defense forlorn.  
Though every house with dead was filled,  
    And every street ran blood,  
The most who died were hunger-killed,  
    Their last words, "Give us food!"

Our loved ones starved before our eyes—  
 Parent, and child, and wife—  
 More hapless who from hunger dies,  
 Than he who falls in strife.  
 Still no relief : all hope we lose,  
 When, in these desperate straits,  
 Our carrier pigeons bring us news  
 From the Council of the States :—

“ The dykes are cut, and on the flood  
 Two hundred vessels ride ;  
 To bring you men, and arms, and food,  
 They wait but wind and tide.”  
 Still blew the bitter North-east gale,  
 And, adverse, swept the coast,  
 We could discern nor mast nor sail  
 Of the relieving host.

Hour after hour that wind prevailed—  
 East to North-east its range—  
 It seemed our promised hope had failed,  
 We ne'er should see it change !

At last! the vane has veered around,  
And with tremendous roar,  
High surging o'er the level ground  
The ocean's waters pour.

The sea, as though in haste and wrath,  
Sweeps onward in its might,  
O'erbears the Spaniards in its path  
Or scatters them in flight ;  
And, riding on the crested wave,  
A cloud of ships we see  
Press onward, Leyden town to save  
In its extremity.

Close to our walls their course is stayed,  
There moor they, safe and free,  
For Leyden is an island made,  
Girt with a boundless sea.  
Leyden is saved ! the rescuing hosts  
Can best the tale relate,  
How like we were to pallid ghosts  
Who opened Leyden's gate.

PHILIP'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS  
BROTHER.

A. D. 1578.

Of England you would be King, Don John,  
And fancied you could betray me!  
But I will punish your plotting, Don John,  
For the spy and poisoner obey me.

To England's queen you've made love, Don  
John,  
Your ambition from duty wanders!  
And her royal favor to move, Don John,  
You have offered her Spanish Flanders!

A skillful agent I'll send, Don John,  
Who will of a brother bereave me,  
And bring your plots to an end, Don John:  
So perish all who deceive me.

SONG OF THE ARTISANS OF  
ANTWERP.

A. D. 1580.

Free artisans we, who no master own,  
We safely dwell in our guarded town,  
We kneel at the foot of no earthly throne,  
And tremble before no tyrant's frown.  
Our walls are kept with good watch and  
ward,  
Our schepens' patrol any riot would quell,  
And our trained battalions of burgher guard  
Are roused at the tap of the stadt huis bell.

Our craft-guilds settle our labor's price,  
That an equal stipend each workman may  
draw,  
The young work under the elders' advice,  
And our hours of labor are fixed by law.

Our votes are our own, our Council to choose,  
And he would be a fool and a dolt,  
Who dared our chartered rights to refuse,  
And risk the protest of stern revolt.

Proud are we of each lofty spire,  
Of our city's towers and church's dome,  
But prouder far that each can acquire  
A happy spot he can call a home.  
The tramp of thousands of hurrying feet,  
Steadily plodding, each morn and night,  
Reechoes loud on the busy street,  
And the men who labor can also fight!

## THE SPANISH SOLDIER.

(From the Spanish.)

16TH CENTURY.

Long shall the page of history tell of the  
Spanish invader,  
Of Netherland cities the scourge, of Nether-  
land coffers the raider ;  
If Philip delay my pay, he does not forbid  
me to plunder,  
And to leave these rebels their wealth would  
be a palpable blunder.

Wo to the high-walled city, when we under-  
take the leaguer;  
Wo to the rich, fat burghers, if the spoil be  
scant and meager ;  
When women and children are shrieking,  
and men for mercy are roaring,  
As over the ruined ramparts our disciplined  
phalanx is pouring !



Our captain, Alva, commanding, this stub-  
born people subduing,  
Calls each Spanish soldier to rise and be ac-  
tive and doing ;  
To every Dutchman a foe, to every Dutch  
lass a lover,  
With a sword thrust ready for one, and a  
kiss and embrace for the other.

## THE FLESHERS OF ANTWERP.

A. D. 1584.

Peaceful feed at Bergen twice ten thousand  
cattle,  
While from Antwerp rises fierce the din of  
battle,  
Ruddy runs the Scheldt with the stains of  
slaughter,  
Parma's Spaniards never give nor ask for  
quarter!

Peaceful feed the oxen, slow their cuds a  
chewing,  
While around the town the devil's work is  
doing,  
Where each Antwerp artisan is a brave de-  
fender,  
Rich men flee, but poor men dare not to sur-  
render.

Peaceful feed the oxen, 'mid the thyme and  
daisy,  
Mid the growing grasses waxing fat and  
lazy,  
While their city owners loudly are out-  
spoken,  
As the burgomaster urged the dykes be  
broken.

“Why break down the dykes, why set the  
sea in motion,  
Flooding Bergen pastures with the rushing  
ocean?  
All our fattening beeves will for food be  
needed,  
And the fleshers' protest, shall it be unheed-  
ed?

“Strong are Antwerp's walls, brave are  
Antwerp's freemen,  
We have need of neither Zeeland's fleet nor  
seamen;

On our good roast viands well our troops  
are faring, .  
And these starving Spaniards must depart  
despairing."

Evil was the hour when, such advice, pre-  
vailing,  
Saved the dykes, but filled the proud old  
town with wailing;  
Antwerp now has fallen—more's the shame  
and pity!  
And proud Parma lords it over field and  
city.

## THE TRAGEDY AT DELFT.

(Assassination of William of Orange.)

A. D. 1584.

In the Museum, at the Hague, is seen  
An ancient fire-arm, with two bullets nigh,  
You ask, what may these rusty relics mean?  
And the custodian, reverent, makes reply:  
“These were the agents of an awful crime,  
The tale whereof endureth through all time.”

Armed with this weapon, Balthazar Gerard,  
With Philip's ducats heavy in his purse,  
Journeyed to Delft from Burgundy afar,  
To earn his title to a nation's curse;  
And hid himself beside a certain wall,  
Where the grand staircase leaves the dining hall.

A ringing shot, a fall, a rush, a scream,  
The deadly charge with fatal aim has sped,  
Slow trickles down the steps a crimson  
stream,

William of Orange slumbers with the dead!  
These are the bullets through his heart that  
passed,  
When Philip gained his mean revenge at  
last.

The title of a martyr he may claim :

From royal rank and title saved by fate,  
Uncrowned he died, and left a patriot's  
name,

As the first citizen of a free state !  
His fame shall flourish until time shall end,  
His people's leader and his people's friend!

## GRESHAM'S DRAFT ON GENOA.

A. D. 1587.

In London town one Gresham plied his trade,  
An English merchant, dealing far and wide  
In goods and wares by foreign countries  
made,  
And which to English markets he supplied;  
A man imbued with patriotic pride,  
Shrewd in his dealings, mighty in his wealth;  
A school he built, and an exchange beside,  
And did what good he could, and not by  
stealth.

At the Escorial lived that cruel King,  
Whom history names Philip, King of Spain,  
Passing a long bad life in compassing  
Ill to his fellow men, and woe and pain  
To those he called his subjects; for his brain  
Evolved but plans of bigotry and hate,  
And he ruled by the sword and rack and  
chain,  
Yet failed to subjugate the Holland State.

Now Philip, plotting harm to all the world,  
 And much enraged by many a sore defeat  
 Since Holland's flag was on the seas unfurled

Resolved upon a great and startling feat,  
 And caused to be prepared a mighty fleet,  
 Calling his soldiers out of many lands,  
 Who at the Spanish ports should quickly meet,  
 And sail for Albion's cliffs and Holland's sands.

The old world gave him myriads of brave men,

The new world filled his coffers with her gold,  
 For Spain was mistress of the Indies then,  
 Her sailors skillful and her soldiers bold,  
 Her ships equipped with all that they could hold

Of provender and engines of fierce war ;  
 Churchmen had blessed and soothsayers foretold

A crowning victory for Philip's star.



Now Genoa was the centre of exchange,  
 And Philip kept his moneys there in store ;  
 For, as his varying purposes did change,  
 France, Flanders, Italy, by turns he tore,  
 Upheaving Europe to its very core  
 With civil wars; and for convenience, there  
 His ready funds were, whether less or more:  
 And so, it chanced, the merchant Gresham's  
                   were.

At Cadiz gathered crowds of Spanish craft,  
 The news through Europe ran with ready  
                   fame;  
 Then Gresham drew on Genoa a draft  
 For all the gold his balances could claim,  
 Which drained the banks and thwarted  
                   Philip's game,  
 For the King's drafts most pitifully fared ;  
 Six months elapsed before his money came,  
 And Holland for the struggle was prepared.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH ARRAIGNED.

A. D. 1588.

And now has Queen Elizabeth  
Again broke out in rage,  
Unbecoming to her station,  
And indecent at her age ;  
Of course 'tis her misfortune  
That she is growing old,  
But surely 'tis her own fault  
That she becomes a scold.

She sent her lover, Leicester,  
With promise of support,  
He brought us many pompous airs,  
But nothing else he brought:  
Besure, he had some soldiers,  
But they did the foe no hurt,  
For they had the alternative  
To starve, or to desert.

Of the Irish that she sent us,  
She wanted to be rid,  
And her swaggering English footmen  
No service to us did:  
And of her earls, and lords, and knights,  
Our people sore complain,  
For they idled, and they revelled,  
And they sold our towns to Spain.

And all the while Her Majesty,  
Our freedom to betray,  
With Philip and with Parma,  
Has been treating day by day:  
But all her secret plottings,  
With these congenial mates,  
Thanks to our careful watchings,  
Have been known to our Estates.

Now everything, with blasphemy,  
And imprecations high,  
This Queen has the audacity  
To publicly deny:

All Europe has her faithlessness  
Most clearly seen and felt,  
And her boisterous tongue could never  
Deceive old Barneveldt.

Our envoys, sent to England,  
Her abuse has never spared;  
Now the great Armada, coming,  
Finds her but half prepared.  
For us, our ships are ready .  
And bide the approaching host,  
And, careless of her queenly spite,  
Will guard our Holland coast.

## THE SURRENDER OF DEVENTER.

A. D. 1591.

It was old Herman Vandenberg, tipsy and  
vain,  
Who held Deventer for Philip of Spain,  
And swore that while he a weapon could  
wield,  
He never to Maurice the city would yield;  
Yet the City of Deventer  
In ten days did surrender.

For the Spaniard's distrust and the Dutch-  
men's hate  
Had placed traitor Herman in desperate  
strait;  
The one his fidelity loudly accused,  
And to yield to the other he sternly refused;  
Yet the City of Deventer  
In ten days did surrender.

In the breach of the wall, by day and by  
    night,  
Just able to stand on his legs and fight,  
With a glass in one hand, in the other his  
    sword,  
As brave as a lion and drunk as a lord;  
    Yet the City of Deventer  
    In ten days did surrender.

And when Vorst Maurice his mines had sunk,  
The town surrendered, with old Herman  
    drunk;  
His vaunts and his threatenings were held in  
    disdain,  
And Deventer became a Dutch town again.  
    For the City of Deventer  
    In ten days did surrender.

## PHILIP'S HATRED.

A. D. 1598.

Deep and bitter was Philip's hate,  
For those who dwelled in the Netherlands,  
Yet—so perverse and stern was fate—  
We despised his power and escaped his  
hands.

He hated us because we were free,  
Because he never could be our King,  
For to him the assertion of liberty  
Was a most unholy, infamous thing.

He hated us for our faith and creed,  
And doomed us all, in his pious wrath,  
At the stake to burn, by the axe to bleed,  
To be crushed as an insect in his path.

But not to man does the issue belong  
Of the follies wrought by his hate and  
pride;  
He lived to see us grow great and strong,  
And his heart was broken—and so he died.

## THE BATTLE OF TIEL.

A. D. 1600.

Vorst Maurice marched across Brabant,  
The Cardinal Archduke to taunt:  
Eight hundred men he took along;  
The King's troops were two thousand strong,  
Victors on many a hard-fought plain,  
Veterans of many a long campaign.

In Brabant, on the heath of Tiel,  
With the Archduke's force we crossed our  
    steel;  
Soon, mute in death, their bravest lie,  
And the remainder wildly fly,  
Spaniards, Italians, Walloons, all,  
Before our onset flee or fall.

Though swift did the survivors run,  
We captured nearly every one—



Five hundred prisoners in a row,  
The value of our victory show;  
Vorst Maurice wrote to the Archduke then,  
For he was apt with sword or pen:

“There comes report of your commands,  
To spare no lives of rebel bands,  
And I must know if this be true,  
That I may do as you will do.”  
No word the Archduke deigned reply;  
Vorst Maurice bade his prisoners die.

Then we prepared five hundred graves,  
And ropes to hang five hundred knaves;  
But, in the hour they deemed their last,  
Lo! came a courier, speeding fast,  
And letters to Vorst Maurice brought,  
Wherein was the reply he sought:

“No such an order have I made,  
Nor on my soul such sin have laid;

I pray you, then, to ransom hold  
Your prisoners, till I send the gold;  
And let us now a compact make  
That both will quarter give and take.”

So Brabant, ruined, plundered, poor,  
Must one exaction more endure,  
And must a heavy ransom give,  
For those who on her vitals live;  
But since that day the war has been  
More worthy brave and Christian men.

## KLAASZOOM'S POWDER MAGAZINE.

A. D. 1606.

Our valiant Rear Admiral, Reiquier Klaas-  
zoon,

All alone, near Cape Vincent, was able to  
count

Five galleons approaching, one early fore-  
noon,

And each bore more guns than old Klaas-  
zoon could mount.

But his decks are soon cleared for the un-  
equal fight:

To their guns his sixty good mariners  
stand;

When down bore the Spaniards—that gal-  
lant old Knight,

Don Luis de Fasciardo, in command.

“Strike, dog of a Dutchman, that insolent  
flag;

Each officer promptly prepare him to die :  
Your sailors to slave in our galleys we’ll  
drag !”

A broadside was sturdy old Klaaszoon’s  
reply.

He fought two long summer days, one  
against five,

’Till every one living was wounded, on  
board,

And scarce half a score of his men left alive,  
And none but he able to wield pike or  
sword.

“The good ship is sinking, my brave fellows  
all,

Our last gun is silenced, and struck our  
last blow;

Let us fire our magazine, rather than fall

In the hands of a hated and triumphing  
foe !”

A faint cheer replied from the slippery deck,  
Where mangled forms quivered in death's  
agony:

Klaaszoon seized a match—and the staggering  
wreck

In fragments was strewn on the waves of  
the sea.

Forever remembered, beloved and revered,

Shall our brave old Admiral's memory be:

His name and his fate to his land are en-  
deared,

For he died that the land which he loved  
might be free!

DISCOVERY OF THE NIEUW NEDER-  
LAND BY HENDRICK HUDSON.

A. D. 1609.

O, brave old Hendrick Hudson, bold ex-  
plorer of the North!

Through seas beset by storm and ice he  
traveled back and forth,

Seeking abroad the fame and gain one's  
country oft denies,

He to a foreign land had brought his skill  
and enterprise.

At the rich port of Amsterdam the English-  
man arrived

Where every risk was ventured and every  
venture thrived.

Brave old Hendrick Hudson!

Our war with cruel Spain, which cost such  
floods of blood and tears,

Had been suspended by a truce, to last a  
dozen years,

And the Dutch East India Company had  
every effort made,  
In many a distant land to seek returns of  
peaceful trade.  
So on the Amsterdam Exchange it promptly  
chanced that he  
Was hired by the Company again to tempt  
the sea.

Brave old Hendrick Hudson!

'Twas on the sixth of April, in his yacht, the  
Half Moon good,  
He at the Texel squared his sails and to the  
Westward stood,  
But half July was gone before his little ves-  
sel lay  
In a Gulf of North America, now called Pe-  
nobscot Bay,  
And, in view of boastful claims since made,  
it is a trifle odd,  
That he was the first of white men who ever  
saw Cape Cod.

Brave old Hendrick Hudson!

Then, in his saucy little craft, he skirted all  
the shore,  
And looked upon an empire no man had  
found before;  
As far as Henlopen and May he ventured to  
the South,  
And then returning entered a broad river at  
its mouth;  
He traced the mighty Hudson from its sources  
to the sea,  
And while its stately current runs his name  
shall honored be.  
Brave old Hendrick Hudson!

Then hail to Hendrick Hudson, the merry  
old sea-dog,  
Who never blenched from storm or tide, from  
tempest or from fog,  
A mariner who trimmed his sails and took  
his glass of grog,  
And a capital good trencherman at provender  
and prog;  
As brave and true a seaman as ever kept a log,  
And a discoverer who has set old Europe all  
agog!  
Brave old Hendrick Hudson!



## THE BROWNISTS IN HOLLAND.

A. D. 1604—1620.

Some English Brownists—Robinson, Smith,  
Johnson and Ainsworth, and some others—  
Set themselves down in Amsterdam,  
And scarce behaved like Christian brothers.  
A separatist church they framed,  
An absolutely fresh and new one,  
Which, most complacently they claimed,  
Should be the sole correct and true one.

But, falling together by the ears,  
They passed their time in strife and wrangling,  
And scandalized our peaceful Dutch  
With shameful quarrelling and jangling;

For on his brother and his sire  
Johnson laid excommunication,  
And doomed them to eternal fire,  
With requisite vituperation.

Ainsworth to Johnson did the same,  
With all formalities required,  
Johnson the favor quick returned,  
With a promptness that was much admired.  
Vainly our preachers sought to stay  
The fearful war among them raging,  
And vainly to our guests did pray  
They'd cease the combat they were waging.

So that their church was scattered; then  
Smith took a new idea surprising,  
Became an Anabaptist, and  
Determined upon self-baptizing.  
His conscience could not fix on one  
To dip him, so, with all disgusted,  
He plunged into a pond alone  
As though none but himself he trusted.

Now Robinson, sole preacher left,  
Hied him to Leyden, where, more rational,  
He organized his exile church,  
Which bears the name of Congregational.  
But Holland's soil contented not  
These people, nor their bold exhorter,  
And Robinson two ships has got  
And they have sailed across the water.

THE ENGLISH PURITANS AT  
LEYDEN.

A. D. 1620.

These Brownist English exiles who to our  
town have come,  
Who censure all the rest of us and deem  
themselves so pure,  
With countenances lengthy and with utter-  
ances glum,  
Have more peculiar notions than our peo-  
ple can endure.

Because of their Reformed faith we gave  
them cordial cheer,  
And welcomed every Puritan as fellow,  
guest and friend,  
But ere they had sojourned with us a quarter  
of a year,  
We saw that their fault-findings were truly  
without end.

They are scandalized extremely by the  
music and the dance

In which our youth and children take an  
innocent delight,

With direful exclamations and sour looks  
askance

They turn away in pious indignation from  
the sight.

And they appear, moreover, very much dis-  
satisfied

With the way in which we Hollanders ob-  
serve the Sabbath day;

And religious toleration, every honest Dutch-  
man's pride,

Is a heresy which they renounce with hor-  
ror and dismay.

So, 'tis with joy that we have learned they  
have permission asked

To settle in Nieuw Nederland, to enjoy  
their own belief,

For to keep our patience with them we have  
been sorely tasked,

And their departure hence will be a gen-  
eral relief.

## THE FIELD OF TURNIPS.

A. D. 1628.

A refugee at the Hague was dwelling the  
King of Bohemia,  
Welcome enough to the people, quiet and  
fairly respected,  
But restless and ill-content with the peace-  
ful life of a citizen,  
Crownless, idle and wearing out tedious  
days of exile.

Light lay the fog on the fields, fit for a hunt-  
ing morning,  
When to the open country passed the King  
and his hunters,  
Down through the even roadways, bordered  
by trees and hedges,  
Leaving behind the city, with all its busi-  
ness and bustle.

Slipped from the leash, the hounds sniff on  
the trail of a rabbit,  
Horses and riders pell-mell follow the yelp-  
ing chorus,  
Fast and furious chase ends in quick disap-  
pointment,  
And the pursuit is lost in midst of a field of  
turnips.

Issues from neighboring cottage a stout and  
angry yeoman,  
Owner of field and turnips, raises a mighty  
cudgel,  
Cries "O King of Bohemia, get thee forth  
from my garden !  
Why dost trample the field I had such pains  
in sowing? "

To whom the astonished King made a most  
courteous answer—  
"Nay, 'twas these errant hounds led me into  
the trespass.

Surely, unwilling am I to invade the lands of  
a freeman.

Sacred to every one should be the fruit of  
his labor."

Back, through the even roadways, bordered  
with trees and hedges,

Wend they their homeward steps, the royal  
hunting procession;

Back to his hired mansion, in the depths of  
the city,

Trots the discomfited king, cursing all Dutch-  
men and turnips.

Anywhere else in Europe, the peasant would  
have been punished,

In France he would be sent for life to toil in  
the galleys,

And in England his carcase would by the  
dogs be eaten:

In Holland he and his turnips thrived 'neath  
the law's protection.



“LUCIFER”

(The original of the poem of “Paradise Lost.”)

A. D. 1640.

Vondell, the Dutchman, the first of all,  
Wrote the tale of the angels’ fall;

Noble his myth and sacred the theme,  
Faultless and lofty his measured verse,  
And Sin and Death, in his pious dream,  
Descend upon Man as the Demon’s curse.

Then, by the Englishman, Milton, was sung  
The self-same song in a world-wide tongue,  
And so entrancing the story proved  
That Paradise Lost is a household name,  
And men to its faith were strongly moved,  
And the grand romance a creed became.

Thus it may chance that a modest word  
Is softly uttered and little heard—

It may to an unknown speech belong,  
With purport at first obscurely caught;  
Yet its repetition be bold and strong,  
And worlds be filled with an awful thought.

LORD KEEPER FINCH AT THE  
HAGUE.

A. D. 1641.

An English lord is an exile here,  
Escaped from home in a panic of fear.  
Well for him that he quickly sped,  
For a brief delay would have cost his head:  
He managed from London by night to steal,  
But he left behind him the King's Great  
Seal.

Tyrant and knave in the day of his power,  
He fell from greatness in one brief hour,  
Of Parliament's anger he took good heed,  
And never stayed to demur or plead.  
His pride will gall him, and poverty pinch  
The exiled Englishman, Lord Keeper Finch.

## GROTIUS.

A. D. 1645.

They brought his body back to Delft  
From the exile land in which he died;  
His native town redeemed itself  
By showing forth its tardy pride.  
They brought him back beloved of fame,  
With many years and a mighty name.

O, madness of these quarrelling creeds,  
Begot of senseless, chattering pride,  
By it how oft the patriot bleeds,  
And the philanthropist has died !  
Great Grotius it defamed and cursed,  
Where now his name is prized and nursed.

## THE PEACE OF MUNSTER.

A. D. 1648.

The embassies at last have met,  
The hope of peace at last appears,  
Their conference may terminate  
Our long fierce war of eighty years.

Each blow we strike for native land  
Our native land the more endears;  
Against the tyrant Spain we stand,  
As we have stood for eighty years.

Each man clings to his native soil,  
Its very name with joy he hears,  
But few endure the pain and toil  
Throughout a war of eighty years.

On bloody field and blazing town,  
Men's agony and women's tears,  
We've seen the weary suns go down  
Throughout a war of eighty years.

Of all these awful years of fight,  
We've paid them back the long arrears;  
With freedom, unity and might,  
We triumph, after eighty years!

DUTCH TOLERATION IN THE SEVEN-  
TEENTH CENTURY.

To Amsterdam, on one occasion, came  
Two foreigners, attracted by its fame,  
Florentine merchants they, and strangers  
there,  
In search of merchandise unique and rare;  
Their errand was to purchase works of art,  
Whereof that town the workshop was, and  
mart.

No sooner had they rested at their inn,  
Than forth they hied, impatient to begin,  
And see those artists whose extended fame  
Had reached the distant land from which  
they came;  
And they agreed that, first of all, they  
wished  
To call upon the painter Vandergrist.

Their greeting o'er, his easels they review,  
 Praise all his works, and designate a few,  
 And, after long discourse on art and trade,  
 The price is settled and the bargain made.  
 In casual talk the artist somehow saith:  
 "For me, I am a Calvinist in faith!"

Next, to Melanious they take their way,  
 And to his labors equal tribute pay;  
 Again their purses they most gladly ope,  
 For canvas worthy of a Prince or Pope;  
 But startle, when by chance this artist man  
 Complacent, boasts, "I am a Lutheran!"

Van Antwerp next they visit; still they buy;  
 Van Antwerp says "A Catholic am I!"  
 They buy of Van Dall, and they almost faint  
 To learn he is an Anabaptist saint.  
 They buy of Moses, and—a wonder new!  
 Moses is undeniably a Jew!

With clanging bells the hour for 'Change  
 arrives,  
 The Italians scamper for their very lives;  
 Breathless they reach their inn, the door  
 they bar,  
 And tremblingly expect approaching war,  
 "For, in a town where five religions meet,  
 There must," say they, "be bloodshed in the  
 street! "

They list in vain for sounds of fight or fear,  
 Then draw the casement and with caution  
 peer.  
 In the broad streets, vast, busy crowds are  
 seen,  
 With friendly gestures and a peaceful mien;  
 The strangers view the scene with deep sur-  
 prise,  
 Nor find it easy to believe their eyes.

Returned to home, their tale with wonders  
 fraught,  
 Divided interest with the goods they brought;



They told that, 'mongst the Dutch—'twas  
very sad!

Each man a different religion had;  
And how those Dutchmen managed to maintain

The peace, was something they could not  
explain!

## “MADAME.”

A. D. 1670.

Born in a palace, reared near a throne,  
Beautiful beyond everything known,  
Graceful and gentle, laughing yet shy,  
Conquering all with her melting eye,  
In her England and France had met,  
“Madame” of Orleans, fair Henriette.

What though “Monsieur” be haughty and  
chill,  
Morose of temper, infirm of will?  
The King himself had royally deigned  
To extend to “Madame” a love unfeigned;  
And all night long, as the courtiers know,  
They strolled in the woods of Fontainebleau.

Now Louis the aid of Charles would buy,  
For he had sworn that Holland should die,  
And "Madame" goes, with her witching lips,  
To beg of her brother the English ships;  
Grand was her progress from court to court;  
Peace or War in her hands she brought.

Mutual interest will buy and sell,  
Bargains are brief when all goes well,  
Louis and Charles became allied friends,  
Ruin to Holland their love portends;  
But Charles refused, as a thing of course,  
To sanction "Madame's" proposed divorce.

Beautiful Henriette homeward hies,  
Smiles on her lips, tears in her eyes,  
And France is smitten with horror, to see  
Her sudden demise in agony.  
Venom of poison had caused her death,  
Paris whispered it 'neath its breath.

Base Lorraine the poison could send  
To avenge "Monsieur" his lord and friend,  
And the trembling monarch did not dare  
To lay the crime of his brother bare;  
'Tis hid, with thousands of guilty things,  
In the dark archives of Courts and Kings.

## HOW LOUIS XIV. INVADED HOLLAND.

A. D. 1672.

A prey to emotions bitter and dark  
He mused in his palace, the *Grand Monarque*;  
Not all the delights of his peerless court  
Could drive from memory the galling thought  
That the feeble folk of a petty State  
Had checked his ambition and changed his  
fate.

And His Christian Majesty's anger was lit  
At the merest mention of John De Witt,  
And, with an outburst of rage, he would  
dwell,  
On the harsh treaty of Aix la Chapelle.

And scarce had the ink on that parchment  
dried,  
Scarce to their homes had the *diplomats* hied,  
When Louis imagined that Holland may  
Be as promptly conquered as Franche Comte.

From end to end of his martial realm  
 He summoned the hosts which should over-  
     whelm

The foes who had thwarted his policy,  
 And drive the Hollanders into the sea!  
 Horsemen, artillery, footmen, were they,  
 All drilled by the drill master, Martinet.

Easy for Louis to Europe to show  
 What an absolute King in his realm can do,  
 But Charles of England, by Parliament tied,  
 Was subsidy-seeking on every side:  
 The best of his fleet, by Dutch enterprise,  
 Was burned in the Thames before his eyes:  
 So, his wants unmet, and his pride unhealed,  
 When Louis for his assistance appealed,  
 Charles took the new ally, to vex the old,  
 And their bond of friendship was gold—  
     French gold.

Gold, for controlling the English Court,  
 For with it can lords and courtiers be  
     bought;

Gold, for providing the pomp and display,  
 Wherein his most royal enjoyments lay;  
 Gold, to remunerate minion and dame,  
 With guerdons of honor for deeds of shame;  
 Wrested from starving Frenchmen's toil,  
 To be spent and squandered on foreign soil;  
 For peoples must suffer when Kings combine,  
 To govern God's footstool by right divine.

Saint George's red banners dance on the sea,  
 Along with the Bourbonist *fleur de lis*;  
 The united fleets in the Channel ride,  
 To bring an end to the Hollanders' pride:  
 Subjects embrace, who were trained by their  
     States,  
 For hundreds of years, into mutual hates,  
 And monarchs are banded to trample down  
 These "burgher folk, who obey no crown."  
 There were English frigates one hundred  
     and ten,  
 French soldiers two hundred thousand men.

All gaily the Frenchmen crossed our frontier,  
 In gallant array, in the spring of the year;  
 Such trains of cannon, an army so great  
 Had never in Europe invaded a State.  
 The selected troops of the King's household  
 Shone brilliant in crimson, and white, and  
     gold;  
 And *fantassin*, light horse and *mousquetaire*,  
 And body guard, French and Switzer, were  
     there;  
 And their marshals, the first in France were  
     they—  
 Vauban, and Turenne, and the great Conde.

Town after town soon succumbed to its fate,  
 Yielded submission and opened its gate,  
 Captains were routed and captains were  
     bought,  
 With never a serious battle fought;  
 And Yssel and Utrecht and Guelderland  
 Lay prostrate beneath the invaders' hand:



While greatly the panic and discontent  
 To the Orange faction new courage lent,  
 And their partisans shouted in every town,  
 "Put Orange up and put De Witts down!"

Stained is the record and dark the page  
 Which tells of that faction's violent rage;  
 The law was reversed in that desperate hour,  
 And, selfish and reckless, they seized on  
                   power.

Both John and Cornelis De Witt had died,  
 Enshrined in the Fatherland's love and pride;  
 As patriot freemen they met their fates;  
 And William, from the reluctant Estates,  
 The coveted Stadtholdership could wring,  
 And be, in all but the title, a King.

Meanwhile De Ruyter, in fierce, long fight,  
 Had put the war fleets of both Kings to  
                   flight,  
 And dealt a stern and terrific rebuke  
 To the insolence of the English Duke;

While the Channel was swept, as in days of  
yore,  
And each Dutch ship nailed a broom to the  
fore:

Our rich laden India fleet, home bound,  
At the Texel anchored, all safe and sound.  
Though few and weak on the land we may be  
The Hollanders still were lords of the sea!

But how should our city escape the blow  
Aimed by her quickly approaching foe?  
That city, Amsterdam, centre of trade,  
Where the wealth of the world was stored  
and laid:

The first and chiefest in Europe was she,  
The queen of the arts and of industry.  
Not higher did the Roman pulses beat  
After Lake Thrasymene's dire defeat,  
Than the Dutch resolve at that moment rose,  
When 'twixt submission and exile they  
chose.

Amsterdam threatened, the crisis was near,  
The dykes must be cut, the land disappear,  
Leaving the conquering foemen to reign  
O'er the seething waves of a watery plain,  
And the Holland name would exist no more,  
Unless 'twere renewed on some distant shore.  
The Farther Indies could furnish a seat  
Where a genial clime could the exiles greet;  
And the list of intending refugees  
Counted fifty thousand full families.

Ho! for this journey of thousands of leagues,  
With a welcome peace after war's fatigues,  
The tropical seas with their pearls of price,  
And the perfumed groves of their isles of  
    spice,  
And the glowing sun, and the painted skies,  
And the balmy airs of a paradise!  
Firm in their purpose, the burghers began  
To prepare the ships and mature the plan,  
That, though old Amsterdam all should be  
    lost,  
A new one might rise on a fairer coast.

Already Leyden and Delft were submerged,  
 And the waves o'er the lowlands swirled and  
     surged,  
 When Louis, who came so blithely in May,  
 Made haste in July to betake him away,  
 And sought his grand palace of Saint Germain,  
 Right glad in his heart to be there again;  
 Leaving his army in sad jeopardy,  
 Chased and beset by the fast rising sea,  
 Their camps under water, their finery soiled,  
 All their campaign and their uniforms  
     spoiled.

Ere his Paris Arch of Triumph was done,  
 All had been lost that King Louis had won,  
 And the burning a village, or sacking a farm,  
 Or murdering children, at Swannerdam,  
 Were all the further exploits in that war,  
 Which over our borders retreated afar.  
 And as, in his palace, the *Grand Monarque*  
 Was nursing his anger, bitter and dark,  
 Turenne was surrendering each Holland  
     town  
 To "the burgher folk who obey no crown."

THE DYING WORDS OF CORNELIS  
DE WITT.

A. D. 1673.

Serene in his torments, Cornelis De Witt  
Recited the sentiments Horace hath writ—

“Not the wild rush of the popular will,  
Not the anger of kings, that can kill,  
Not the strong hurricane’s howl and dash,  
Not the gleam of the lightning’s flash  
Can shake that man, who, resolved and just,  
Has in uprightness reposed his trust.”

And Holland remembered the saying when  
She needed devoted and resolute men.

## A GLASS TO DE RUYTER.

A. D. 1673.

A glass to the memory of Tromp the bold !  
And a glass to the bold De Ruyter !  
Since the Vikings roamed the Channel of  
old,  
There has been no such gallant fighter.

Should we strike to the flag of the English  
king?

Should we cringe to the Stuart's pre-  
tension?

No, rather to sea, and encounter the fleet  
Which he built with the French king's  
pension!

All stranded and fired upon the shore,  
King Charles' ships are consuming,  
While one by one, with an impotent roar,  
Their abandoned cannon are booming.

On the Thames, in the sight of London,  
aghast,  
In the sight of their King they are  
burning;  
While, with new broom at every topmast,  
De Ruyter is homeward returning.

Then fill to the memory of Tromp the brave!  
And fill to the brave De Ruyter!  
And while Orange colors float on the wave,  
Their fame will grow brighter and  
brighter.

SHAFTESBURY IN LONDON AND IN  
AMSTERDAM.

1. LONDON.—A. D. 1673.

The Earl of Shaftesbury arose, wearing his  
robes and wig,  
Lord Chancellor of England, none in Par-  
liament so big,  
And freely forth upon the Dutch his noble  
censure poured,  
And vented all the enmity with which his  
mind was stored.

“These Hollanders,” quoth he, “I rate the  
common enemy  
Of all divine-right governments—of every  
monarchy—  
Especially our English realm they rival and  
annoy,  
‘*Delenda est Carthago!*’ we must the Dutch  
destroy!”



## 2. AMSTERDAM.—A. D. 1682.

The Earl has fallen in disgrace, has fled  
from kin and home,

And to our town of Amsterdam, an exile, he  
has come.

He asks our city to protect a helpless  
refugee,

And begs us not to render him unto his  
enemy.

Let all his errors be forgot, and let him  
here abide,

And let us show that tolerance which is our  
nation's pride.

He is welcome to our peaceful town, where  
hostile steps ne'er come ;

Nay, hang his portrait on the wall, beneath  
the stadthuis dome !

BALTHAZAR BEKKER'S "WORLD  
ENCHANTED."

A. D. 1694.

When witchcraft nonsense was in greatest  
credit,  
And Satan's sorceries most deeply dreaded,  
(Set forth, at direful length, with brief  
apology,  
By James of England, in his "Demonology");  
When each beheld his neighbor with sus-  
picion,  
Lest he might prove an agent of perdition,  
And all with superstitious dread were  
haunted,  
Balthazar Bekker wrote his "World En-  
chanted."

He was a man of letters, and of station,  
A minister of the Dutch Reformed per-  
suasion;  
Not polished nor refined by art or nature—  
Ugly as Belzebub in form and feature—

But, with a wealth of Scriptural search and  
 learning,  
 And with a zeal 'gainst fraud and falsehood  
 burning,  
 He wrote his book in Europe's darkest  
 hour,  
 Wherein he dared deny the Devil's power.

The gownsmen of all creeds were deeply  
 stirred ;  
 Rome, Augsburg and Geneva all concurred ;  
 Each to its clergy was the warning giving,  
 To kill the Devil would destroy their living.  
 With all the warmth that interest engenders,  
 The Devil's foes appeared as his defenders ;  
 Of Pastor Bekker's bold attack complained,  
 And Satan's power to harm mankind maintained.

Condemned by all the ministerial crew  
 (Though few had patience to peruse it  
 through),

His volume was declared to faith opposed,  
And Bekker by his synod was deposed.  
Lengthy it is, and writ in tiresome prose,  
Pedantic was the author and verbose,  
But that he dared condemn the "witch-  
craft" craze  
Commends his name in more enlightened  
days.

## BAAS PIETER IN HOLLAND.

A. D. 1697.

Czar Peter of Russia to Saardam came—  
Not as an idler, not as a King,  
But as an artisan, learning a trade,  
To work in the shipyard, the shop and the  
    forge,  
To learn how vessels are builded and sailed,  
To learn how iron is hammered and cast,  
To learn how spars and rigging are trimmed,  
To learn how cordage is twisted and wove,  
To learn how sails are shifted and spread,  
To learn how rudders are worked and hung,  
To learn how compass and sextant are used,  
To learn how cargoes are loaded and  
    shipped,  
To learn how Holland has drawn her  
    wealth,  
And floated her flag upon every sea.

This brawny man with the keen blue eye,  
The giant hand and the iron frame,  
Labored each day for the workman's wage,  
Pored over books at the noonday hour,  
Rested at night on a workman's couch,  
And, when the Sunday holiday came,  
Kept, with his fellows, a wild carouse.  
Not disguising his station and rank,  
But sharing freely the artisan's life ;  
Known to his comrades as Pieter de Baas,  
Always their equal in workshop or games.  
So did he compass the knowledge he sought.  
Parted he thence, to return to his realm,  
To found an Empire and shapen a State,  
To civilize wandering and savage hordes,  
Soften the manners and habits of men,  
Build up a power colossal in height,  
And make his Russia the terror of earth.

## TORCY AT THE HAGUE.

A. D. 1790.

The Pensioner Hensius from Holland went  
To plead with Louis for the Orange right,  
But not to him the royal brow unbent,  
Nor deigned the King an answer to indite.  
“Mercy for thine own subjects,” Hensius  
asked,  
But naught obtained he by that strong  
appeal,  
Though all his lore and eloquence he  
tasked ;  
Louvois e’en threatened him with the  
Bastile!

Years passed, in which the French King,  
vain and mad,  
Had covered Europe with his martial  
dead,  
For Fortune was his foe, and stern and sad  
Blow after blow had fallen on his head ;

And his young Princes all were in the grave,  
 And profligate corruption cursed his  
 Court;

Louvois was gone: to France, though fierce  
 and brave,  
 Each coming day still fresh reverses  
 brought.

And Holland was his unrelenting foe,  
 Eugene and Marlborough had served her  
 well,

Never had insolence been brought so low  
 Nor history had such swift revenge to tell.  
 And now, to Pensioner Hensius, in the  
 gloom

Of evening, at the Hague, the name was  
 brought

Of one who waited in his ante-room:

'Twas Torcy, who an interview had sought.

His armies lost, and squandered all his  
 wealth,

Louis was seized with overpowering  
 fright,



And Torcy, leaving scared Versailles by  
stealth,  
Had crossed the frontiers secretly by  
night,  
To beg peace from the Burgher Man of  
State—  
Once spurned, insulted, placid through-  
out all—  
To crave forgetfulness for pride and hate :  
Did ever a Grand Monarch have such  
fall?



LEGENDS  
OF  
MANHATTAN ISLAND.



THE ONE-MAN POWER IN NEW  
AMSTERDAM.

A. D. 1641.

In the good days of old New York  
Her freedom was no sham,  
For freedom-loving were the Dutch  
Who built New Amsterdam ;  
And when, in sixteen-forty-one,  
An Indian war broke out,  
The people clamored to elect  
Their Schepens and their Schout.

At first the Dutch Director, Kieft,  
(Who was Governor, or Mayor,)  
By the " better element " controlled,  
Refused their earnest prayer.  
Such and so resolute the men  
Who lived here in that day,  
That straightway they determined  
No further tax to pay.

When Kieft perceived no way to win,  
 By force, or craft, or wit,  
 He laid his one-man power aside,  
 And hastened to submit.  
 And the freemen of New Amsterdam  
 Elected their "Twelve Men,"  
 As the immemorial usage  
 In the Netherlands had been.

And that first City Council,  
 Which was chosen in that way,  
 Is a pattern for self-government  
 Down to the present day.  
 Long the Director strove for power,  
 And to put the people down,  
 Yet "Eight Men," then "Nine Men,"  
 Were chosen from the town.

An arbitrary one-man power  
 The Dutch would not concede,  
 And their patriot example  
 With us should strongly plead ;

For this sound precept then was taught,  
That justice may be done,  
If power be held by many men,  
But not, if given to one.

## HOW THE YANKEES TRADED TO THE DELAWARE.

A. D. 1642.

One Lamberton, New Haven man,  
Contrived the Dutch some harm ;  
He was a godly Puritan  
As ever sang a psalm.

A vessel full of Yankee goods  
To the Delaware he sent,  
For the glory of the Lord—and his  
Own special betterment.

And when the valiant Willem Kieft,  
The Dutch Director here,  
Advised him not to traffic there,  
But somewhere else to steer ;

Because the great South River was  
By Dutchmen long possessed,  
Who would not brook a rival,  
Though they'd welcome any guest ;



The captain, Herrick, swore to do  
As our Director bade,  
And to make mere friendly visit,  
With no intent to trade.

But when he reached the Delaware  
He landed at Hog's Creek,  
And having broken cargo,  
Began for trade to seek.

The Yankees made the red man drunk,  
And bought his pelts and skins,  
They gave him little wampum, but  
They told him of his sins.

Predestination and free will,  
Foreknowledge and free grace,  
They preached to him, and made him  
Dumbfounded for a space.

While he was told his sins were great,  
His income proved but small;  
He got a stock of doctrine,  
But that was almost all.

Their exhortations puzzled him,  
    Their hymns were loud and long,  
And the benighted savage sold  
    His peltries for a song.

And now in wrath the Dutch came down,  
    And scattered store and post,  
And brought this Herrick and his furs  
    To the North River coast.

Next caught they pious Lamberton,  
    The author of the raid,  
And fined him the amount of all  
    The profits he had made.

These went their way, declaring  
    They never had seen such  
An irreligious people  
    As they found these Holland Dutch !

## PEACE WITH VIRGINIA FORBIDDEN.

A. D. 1660.

Virginia and Nieuw Netherland  
A friendly treaty made  
That their respective people  
Might have liberty of trade,  
And that all courts of justice,  
In adjudging law and fact,  
Between the Dutch and English,  
Be impartial and exact.

But though Stuyvesant and Berkeley  
Agreed that strife should cease,  
Yet the stupid laws of Britain  
Have forbid to keep the peace ;  
And Charles, the King, a warning,  
To his colonies has sent :  
“Treaties and laws are only made  
By King and Parliament.”

THE CAPTURE OF NIEUW AMSTER-  
DAM.

A. D. 1690.

It was in the month of August  
In sixteen sixty-four,  
Four mighty ships of war appeared  
Off Staaten Island shore.  
The hateful flag of England  
Flew from their Admiral's mast,  
And their cannon, from the port-holes,  
Sent forth a thunderous blast.

Then from each tile-roofed dwelling,  
And from each narrow street,  
Came pouring forth our people,  
To view the stranger fleet;  
The shopman left his counter,  
The wife her kitchen fire,  
And the children left their playground  
To tremble and admire.

The Kings throughout old Europe  
     Had sworn to sheathe the sword,  
 Though well the Dutch Republic knew  
     How faithless is their word.  
 The Kings throughout old Europe  
     Have never ceased to hate  
 The freedom and the tolerance  
     Of the Batavian State.

And Charles, the King of England,  
     Was hired by the French,  
 And Louis of France was plotting  
     Europe with blood to drench;  
 And to the Duke, his brother,  
     (Who now has lost his crown,)  
 The reckless Charles had given  
     Our colony and town.

Ours was a prosperous settlement—  
     Our stadt huis has the proofs—  
 Nearly two thousand people,  
     Nearly five hundred roofs;

And, on a Sunday afternoon,  
Gay was the festive scene,  
'Neath the walls of old Fort Amsterdam  
And on the Bowling Green.

Our trials and our triumphs  
Had made us proud and free ;  
Our town school was already taught,  
And we loved liberty ;  
And 'round our hearths brave tales were told  
When evening fires were lit,  
Of Civilis and of Barneveldt,  
And Grotius and De Witt.

But the Dutch West India Company  
Had played the tyrant here,  
And had denied the equal rights  
To freeborn men so dear ;  
And Stuyvesant, their governor,  
His privilege abused,  
To enforce the laws and taxes  
Which freeborn men refused.

And so there was a deep resolve,  
Among both rich and poor,  
That anything were better  
Than that this should endure ;  
And on this summer morning  
Affairs were in such plight,  
While Stuyvesant was pondering—  
Capitulate or fight ?

Now was our doughty Governor  
Determined to resist,  
And he smote the Council-table  
With his dictatorial fist :—  
“ Ho ! man our fort’s defenses,  
And man our city wall,  
For never shall Nieuw Amsterdam,  
Without a battle, fall ! ”

But our sagacious burghers,  
The fathers of the town,  
Maintained that his impotent fire  
Would bring bombardment down.

“ Upon our homes and families,  
Now here without defense,  
Your harmless volleys would invite  
Revengeful violence !

“ The good ship ‘ Gideon ’ lies astream,  
And a determined band  
Will leave these forfeited domains  
And sail for Fatherland !  
Those who remain have seen their rights  
Denied and reft away,  
And need now fear no harsher rule  
Beneath the English sway ! ”

The Governor looked to seaward,  
At the ships of the English Duke,  
He looked upon his people,  
And heard their bold rebuke ;  
Heart-broken and despairing  
And with an oath and frown,  
He dashed away a manly tear,  
And hauled his colors down.



Woe for the flag of Orange,  
 That had humbled England's pomp,  
 When from the seas her fleets were driven,  
 By Admiral Van Tromp!  
 Woe to the sorrowing city,  
 Whose choice could only be  
 Between a foreign conquest  
 And a home tyranny!

And woe, too, to that royal Duke  
 Who did this treacherous deed,  
 In exile now he eats his bread—  
 The lesson all may read!  
 A quarter of a century  
 Has since passed o'er our town;  
 We shall regain our liberties,  
 But never he his crown!

For, to Dutch as well as English,  
 The future is to bring  
 A century of struggles with  
 The Governors of the King;  
 And when the good time cometh  
 For kingly rule to fall,  
 We Dutch will stand for liberty  
 With the foremost of them all!

## A LEGEND OF HELL GATE.

A. D. 1675.

A saucy boat was the Annetje Block,  
Periauga-built was the craft ;  
She carried at masthead a crowing cock,  
And an Orange streamer abaft.  
Her gay young skipper was Hans van Loon,  
From the Wallabout shore he hailed,  
And all eyes followed his bounding boat  
As up the East River she sailed.

Who was there, among the Breukelen girls,  
As fair as Lisbet van Pelt,  
With her blooming cheeks and her yellow  
curls,  
And her waist in a wampum belt?  
With her lover, Hans, she fled from her  
home,  
And they gained the river's side,  
Where the Annetje Block, with her streamers  
set,  
Swung on the restless tide.

With the southerly breeze that briskly blew,  
Up the East River they bore,  
Past Gouanes Kill and Point Bellevue,  
And the rocky Manhattan shore ;  
But a squall swooped down on the dancing  
boat,  
And the whirlpool raged about ;  
You may see the reef where they met their  
death,  
When the Hell Gate tide is out.

THE FIRST EMIGRANTS FROM NEW  
ENGLAND.

A. D. 1692-1697.

Escaped from New England, they flock to  
our shore,  
All jail-worn and wasted, all quaking and  
sore ;  
Escaped from the doom of the stake and the  
cord—  
Poor victims of that most lamentable fraud,  
Which revels in murder, delusion and cant,  
Hysteric possessions and clerical rant ;  
The shame of the land and reproach of the  
time,  
And fills all New England with horror and  
crime !  
Yes, these are the “witches!” The Mathers  
maintain  
That Satan at Salem has set up his reign ;

Where vicious young women, bewitched, fall  
in fits,

And fright judge and jurymen out of their  
wits ;

While malice and envy, and neighborhood  
hate,

Drag down the accused ones, by scores, to  
their fate.

'Tis a crime to be old, to be odd, to be poor,  
And to own a black cat will conviction  
ensure ;

'Tis a crime to have gossips, a crime to have  
none,

'Tis the greatest of crimes "stated preach-  
ing" to shun,

For, woe to the reprobate, mighty or small,

Who under the ministers' censure may fall!

Now, here have we young Philip English  
and wife,

Who left lands and ships, and who fled with  
bare life.

A neighbor sued English, and when the suit  
failed,

On charges of sorcery his sick wife was  
jailed.

At Boston, in Arnold's dark prison she lay,  
And counted the time till the dread trial  
day.

By some friendly aid to New York they  
were brought,  
And find here the refuge and safety they  
sought.

Nathaniel Carey and wife, too, are here ;  
The wife was imprisoned at Cambridge, last  
year.

Her trial for witchcraft at Salem was set,  
They fled, and New York's kindly shelter  
have met:

He has wife and has freedom, and little he  
recks

That his goods are sequestered in old Mid-  
dlesex.

And here, too, are Mistress Benom and her  
child,

Alleged to have been by the Devil beguiled ;  
At Hartford once tried, and acquitted, and  
then

Through clerical outcry imprisoned again.

Enough, they are safe, for New York's not  
afraid

Of the dire enchantments of matron or maid.

Time comes, when the sons of New England  
shall seek

Of their neighbor Manhattan's great wealth  
to partake ;

Where, with modified zeal, the fierce Puritan  
race

Shall strive, not for creed, but for greed and  
for place ;

When Stoughtons, and Sewells, and  
Cheevers, and Hales,

And other high priests of the gallows and  
jails,

Shall be pastors and masters in pulpit and  
court,

Where our laws are defined or religion is  
taught.

As the young and ambitious abandon her  
shores

And escape, by their flight, her intolerant  
laws,

New York will receive them ; for welcome  
to all

Will be ever her greeting to great and to  
small ;

Recalling, as honors and favors she grants,  
The “witches” who came as their first  
emigrants.



## EVACUATION DAY BALLAD.

25TH NOVEMBER, A. D. 1783.

Unmenaced now by Foreign Sword,  
But breathing Freedom's native Air,  
Let us, with patriot Accord,  
Meet Washington at Chatham Square.

He comes from upper Hudson's banks,  
Through Harlem Heights and Bowerie—  
Let him receive the Heartfelt Thanks  
Of those whom he has rendered Free.

He brings us Rescue, Rest and Peace ;  
Our long lost Freedom animates ;  
Compels King George his War to cease  
And recognise our thirteen States.

Our Tyrants hurry to their Ships ;  
(They'd burn the Town if they but durst!)  
With frenzied oaths and stuttering lips  
They leave the land they long have  
cursed.

Ye Patriots, now in happy rest,  
Look from your Realms of Heavenly  
Bliss,  
Leister, Van Dam and Zenger, blest  
To witness such a Day as this !

We'll form a mighty cavalcade ;  
Each Son of Liberty be there ;  
And be our welcome greetings paid  
To Washington at Chatham Square !

## NEW YORK'S FIRST DOCTOR.

A. D. 1787.

“As you ride up the road to the Bouwerie,  
But a little piece beyond Bayard's hill,  
A clump of towering elms you will see  
Across the way from Delancey's mill ;  
Where a peaked roof holds a creaking vane,  
Half hid by the boughs that interlace,  
And the traveler looks up a leafy lane  
And is told, 'tis “old Doctor Tucker's  
place.”

So reads a letter, yellow and old,  
Writ by a hand that has long been dust,  
And we only know, as tradition has told,  
That the grave old doctor was kind and  
just.  
When the fever-stricken rebels lay  
Dying in Sugar House Prison, 'tis said,  
The quaint old doctor, by night and day,  
Had tended the dying and buried the  
dead.

At the King's College, in fifty-three,  
Back where its graduates' records begin,  
He was the first to take the degree  
Which made him Doctor of Medicine.  
The street now known as Elizabeth  
Bounded the farm near the Bouwerie  
pike,  
Which fell to the doctor upon the death  
Of his mother, Elizabeth Wortendyke.

'Midst his stately elms they ran a street  
through,  
His mulberries gave to another its name,  
And the road to his spring, which the whole  
town knew,  
By time and usage Spring Street became.  
Near the spot where the old cathedral  
stands,  
He ended in peace his mortal race,  
And the mighty city swarms o'er the lands,  
Which once were "old Doctor Tucker's  
place."

## THE OLD BREVOORT FARM.

A. D. 1800.

A snug little farm was the Old Brevoort,  
Where cabbages grew of the choicest sort;  
Full-headed and generous, ample and fat,  
In a queenly way on their stems they sat;  
And there was boast of their genuine breed,  
For from Old Utrecht had come their seed.

These cabbages, made into sauer kraut,  
Were the pride of the country round about,  
And their flavor was praised at each farmer  
feast,

Among the Stuyvesants, far to the East,  
Delanceys, that in the South meadows lay,  
And Strykers, perched up at Stryker's Bay.

The Brevoorts had lived, as the record ap-  
pears,  
On the farm for almost a hundred years.

From Brevoort in Holland at first they  
came,  
From that parent village they took their  
name ;  
Whence the head of the family—his name  
was Rip—  
To New Netherlands came in an Amsterdam  
ship.

The farm itself was by no means great  
Alongside the Stuyvesants' splendid estate,  
But its pumpkins were golden, its apples  
round,  
And buckwheat grew on its upland ground ;  
For a rule of diet the family had—  
To eat buckwheat cakes from green-corn to  
shad.

Some mulberries, quinces and Dordrecht  
pears  
Grew where Grace Church its new steeple  
rears ;

Some creeping grape vines on trellis had  
run

Where beckons the statue of Washington ;  
On the spot where Brevoort House proudly  
towers

Were clumps of orange-hued *bloempje*  
flowers.

The homestead stood at the end of the lands  
Where Grace Memorial House now stands ;  
In its garden, Dutch tulips of every shade,  
Their beautiful form and color displayed :  
A low-roofed and unpretentious abode,  
The homestead confronted a dusty road.

A merry old Dutchman was Uncle Brevoort,  
Who had not lived eighty odd years for  
naught ;  
With abundant waist and laughing blue eye,  
And nose of a color a trifle high,  
A gouty foot, and long silvery hair,  
And a forehead free as a child's from care.

You saw, just through his half-opened door,  
 The well-scoured planks of a sanded floor ;  
 And within the cupboard was ranged on a  
                   shelf

Old-fashioned crockery brought from Delft.  
 The roof o'er his porch for shade was a  
                   boon

In the heat of a summer afternoon.

In front of the spot where his tulips grew  
 Ran the road now known as Fourth Avenue ;  
 Thence a lane to East River, through fields  
                   of wheat,

It now goes by the name of Eleventh Street.  
 And as the old gentleman sat in his porch  
 He looked down the lane to the Bouwerie  
                   Church.

To him, thus enjoying his leisure and cheer,  
 One fine afternoon, some surveyors drew  
                   near ;

He offered a glass of old Holland schnapps  
 They accepted with thanks, but produced  
                   him some maps,



Which showed that a project was well under  
                   way  
 To open Eleventh Street through, to Broad-  
                   way.

The red lines and blue they duly explained,  
 The land this one owned, the bounds that  
                   one claimed;  
 An assessment put here and there an award,  
 To run curb and gutter through garden and  
                   sward.  
 He listened in patience as long as he could,  
 And then he remarked "he'd be blanked if  
                   they should!"

He fought all their maps, and he fought  
                   their reports,  
 Corporation, surveyors, commissioners,  
                   courts;  
 He hired his lawyers, well learned in the  
                   law;  
 The plans and the projects to fragments  
                   they tore.

But Uncle Brevoort, ere the law suit,  
    expires,  
And calmly he sleeps at St. Mark's with his  
    sires.

The city abandoned the contest at last;  
He knew not his triumph, his struggle was  
    past  
His cabbage plot's built on, his tulips are  
    gone,  
Where his old homestead stood is a palace  
    of stone.  
But this of the old Dutchman's pluck we  
    can say—  
Eleventh Street's not opened through, to  
    this day!

## NOTES.

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### *Legends of the Netherlands.*

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Page 1. THE TECTOSAGES.—See Michelet's History of France, Volume 1, Chapter 1, for the extraordinary wanderings of the Tectosages.

Page 4. CIVILIS STANDING ON THE BROKEN BRIDGE.—Tacitus (History, Book v., Chapter xxvi.) relates the revolt of the Batavians under Civilis. These inhabited the country now called Holland. A parley is asked by the Roman Consul Cerealis. The two leaders meet to confer, upon a broken bridge. Here the manuscript of Tacitus is torn; the rest of the tale is lost, and we know not the result of the conference, or of the rebellion.

Page 13. Ritterband.—Free Lances.

Page 18. Haarlem is a contraction of *Heer Lem*,  
"Lord William."

Page 19. THE COUNTESS JANE.—The common people believed that Count Baudouine returned from the East, and was put to death by his daughter.

Page 32. "With them died Knighthood."—Seventeen of the Knights were of Flanders.

Page 36. MAESTRICHT.—The sovereignty of Maestricht could only be exercised by the joint action of the Bishop and Duke. This situation gave rise to many satirical and popular ballads.

Page 47. HOW BURGUNDY GOT LUXEMBOURG.—"Repondit que oui, que le Duc estoit d'autre metal, car il l'avoit gardé, porté et soutenu."

Page 66. "That his family madness came to view."—The Emperor's mother was insane, and his own contemporaries believed him to have been, when he resigned the imperial crown at the age of 56, and retired to the Convent of St. Just.

Page 69. "These are but as beggars"—*De Geuzen*.

Page 75. "For the spy and poisoner obey me."—The poisoning of Don Juan followed Philip's discovery of his secret treaty with Elizabeth.

Page 76. Schepen : Esquire or City Sergeant. Stadthuis : City Hall.

Page 88. QUEEN ELIZABETH ARRAIGNED.—Elizabeth insulted the Dutch Ambassadors on the very eve of the sailing of the Great Spanish Armada.

Page 101. "A Gulf of North America."—The Dutch writers denied Gosnold's alleged discovery in 1602.

Page 103. THE BROWNISTS IN HOLLAND.—See Neal's History of the Puritans, Part II., chapter I.

Page 107. "Permission Asked to Settle in Nieuw Nederland."—The States-General refused this application, but the King of England then gave them permission to sail for New England.

Page 108. THE FIELD OF TURNIPS.—This story is related by Michelet.

Page 114. THE PEACE OF MUNSTER.—The rebellion of the Netherlands lasted eighty-two years—from the signing of the petition for Religious Freedom, 10th February, 1596, to the acknowledgement of Dutch Independence by the King of Spain by the Treaty of Munster, 15th May, 1648.

Page 116. DUTCH TOLERATION IN THE 17TH CENTURY.—This story is told by Voltaire.

Page 120. "MADAME"—Wife of the Duke of Orleans and sister of Charles II. of England.

Page 121. "Venom of poison caused her death."—It was then so believed, but late writers, as M. Mignet, have maintained that "Madame" died of an intestinal inflammation.

Page 131. "The Sentiments Horace hath Writ."—See Horace, ode 3, book 3.

Page 132. "Fired Upon the Shore."—The burning of the English fleet in the Thames is not a favorite subject for English historians.

Page 136. "WORLD ENCHANTED." — "Betooverde Wereld.

Page 138. BAAS PIETER.—While the Czar sojourned at Saardam, he led the life of a common workman, although his name and rank were known to his employers and to many of his associates.

Page 141. Torcy was Louis XIV.'s Minister of Foreign Affairs.

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Page 154. THE CAPTURE OF NIEUW AMSTERDAM.—This is the narrative as told among the Dutch people of New York, in the time of Governor Jacob Leisler, about A. D. 1690.

Page 162. THE FIRST EMIGRANTS FROM NEW ENGLAND.—Many persons accused of witchcraft fled in these years from New England to New York, where they were received and protected. These remarks are supposed to be addressed by one New Yorker to another, perhaps during a walk by the river side, or on the battery.

Page 162. "The Mathers."—Clergymen who instigated prosecutions for so-called witchcraft in New England.

Page 165. "Stoughtons, and Sewells, and Cheevers and Hales."—Prosecutors of witches in Massachusetts.

Page 167. EVACUATION DAY BALLAD.—As supposed to have been sung by New Yorkers on the day of the British evacuation of their city, on the 25th of November, 1783.

Page 169. NEW YORK'S FIRST DOCTOR.—The first physician graduated in America was Dr. Robert Tucker, of New York City, who received his degree of M. D. at King's (now Columbia) College in 1753.

Page 170. "They ran a street": Elm Street.

Page 170. "Mulberries gave to another its name"; Mulberry Street,





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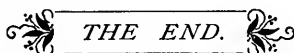
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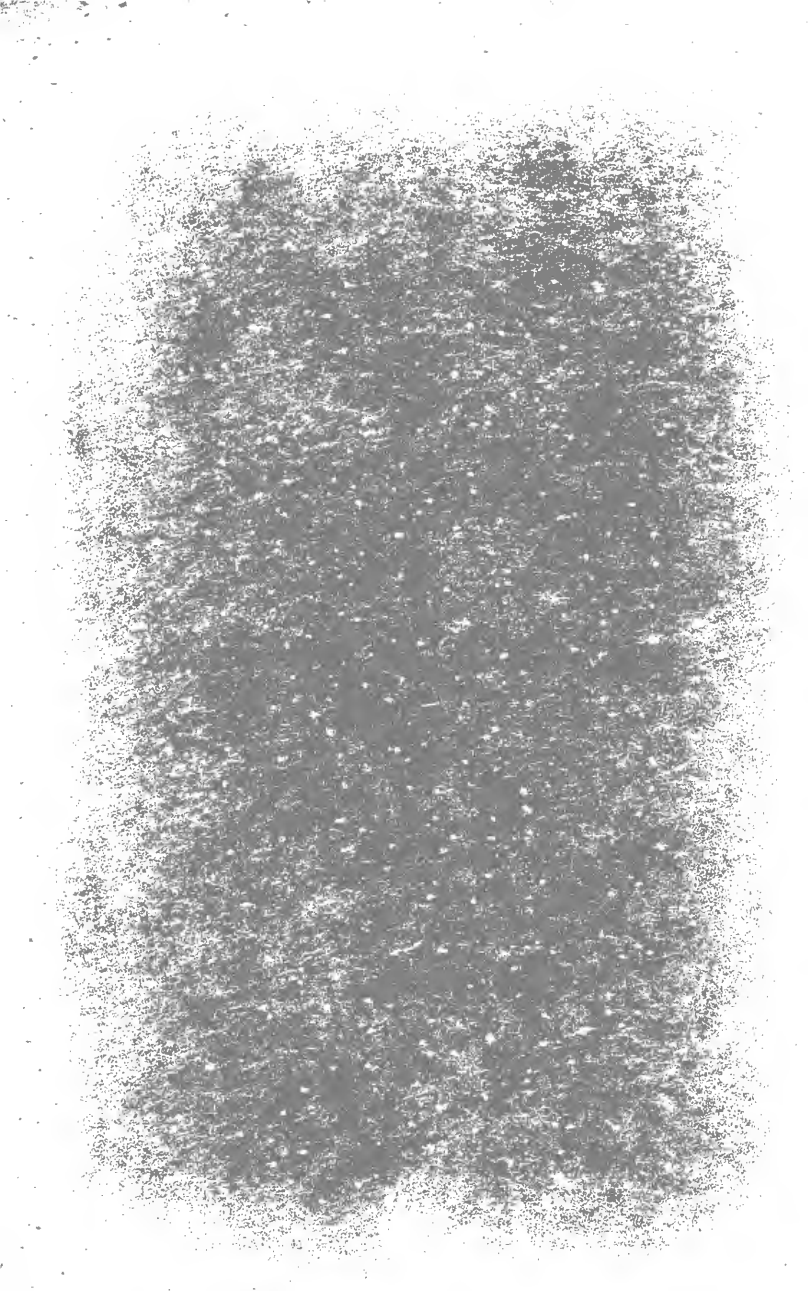
















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